

THE ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

NEWS



JANUARY 1986

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Edward Heath
on coping
with world
disasters

CHASING THE BIG SPENDERS

Margaret Drummond reports on
the shake-out in London stores

THE BOYS WHO HERD FISH

Howard Hall observes an
astonishing Filipino technique

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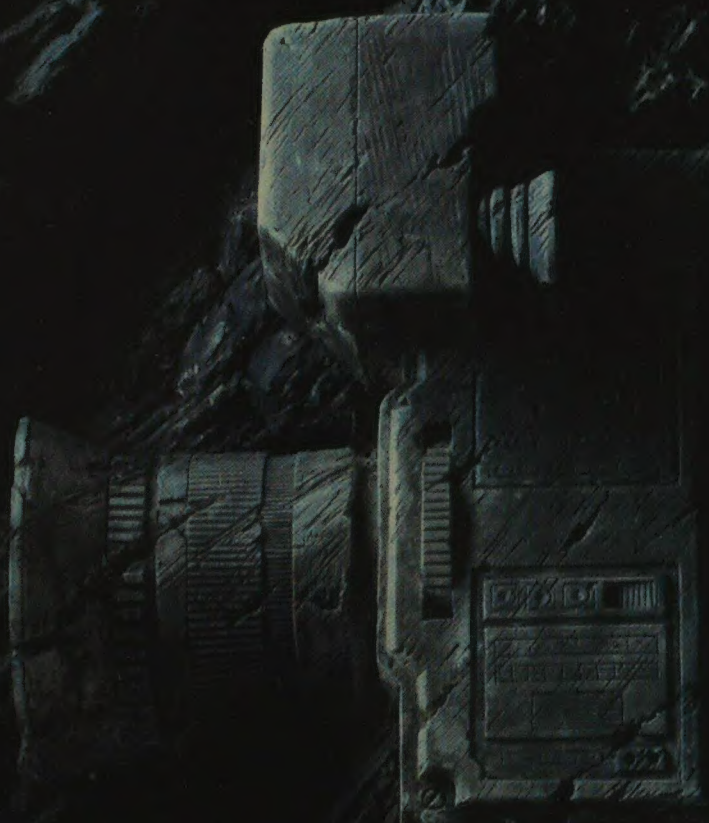
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JANUARY

HIGHLIGHTS

Wednesday, January 1

New Year's Day. Bank Holiday. Industry Year begins.

Spain and Portugal join the European Economic Community.

London International Boat Show opens at Earls Court (10am-8pm, weekend 10am-7pm). Until 12.

Concerts of Viennese music with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Vilem Tausky at the Albert Hall (7.30pm) and the London Symphony Orchestra under John Georgiadis at the Barbican (7.45pm).

Thursday, January 2

Bank Holiday, Scotland.

Beethoven chamber music cycle begins at Queen Elizabeth Hall (7.45pm), with Peter Frankl (piano), Gyorgy Pauk (violin) and Ralph Kirshbaum (cello). Until 19.

Sales begin at Harvey Nichols and Lillywhites.

Saturday, January 4

Embassy World Professional Darts Championship at Camberley.

Monday, January 6

Epiphany in the western church commemorates the visit by the Magi to the infant Jesus.

World première of *Hell's Angels*, an opera by Nigel Osborne, by Opera Factory London Sinfonietta at the Royal Court Theatre (8pm). Until 24.

Park Lane Group's young artists and 20th-century music series begins at the Purcell Room (6pm). Until 10.

Tuesday, January 7

World doubles tennis championship begins at the Albert Hall. Until 12.

Stratford production of *Othello*, with Ben Kingsley, opens at the Barbican (7pm).

Wednesday, January 8

Harrods sale begins.

Friday, January 10

Theatre quiz held at the Lyttleton Theatre where teams from the National Theatre Company and the Royal Shakespeare Company compete for Sir Ralph Richardson's walking-stick (6pm).

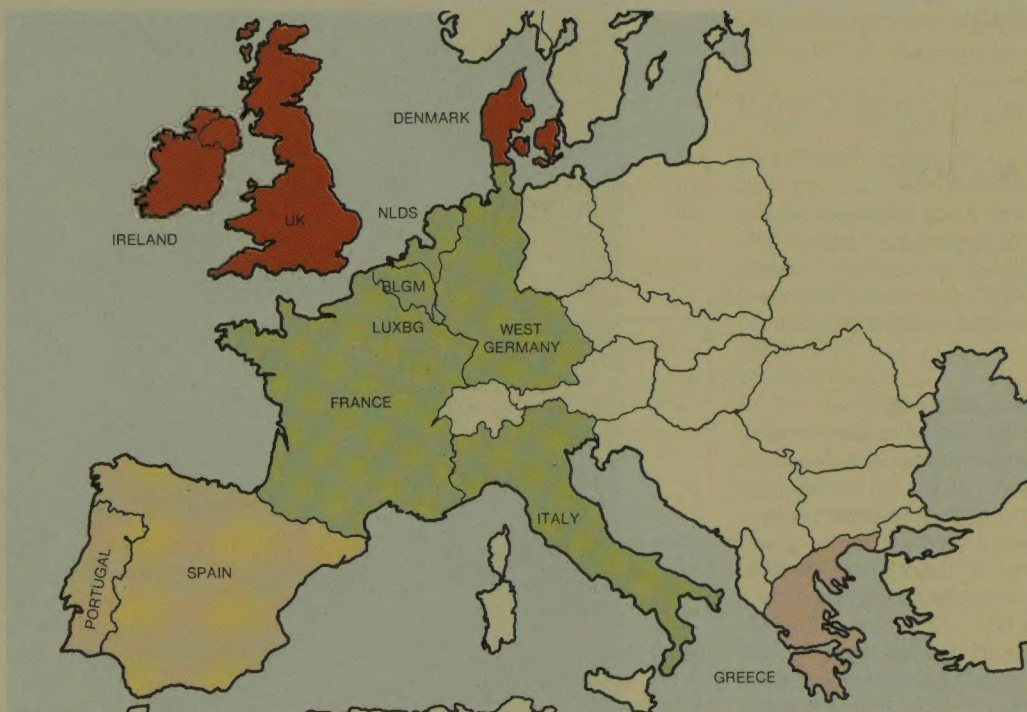
The Nutcracker (7.30pm) begins a week of ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, at which all seats cost between £1 and £3, sponsored by the Paul Hamlyn Foundation.

10th-anniversary concert by the founder members of Songmakers' Almanac of songs by Schumann and Brahms, at Wigmore Hall (7.30pm).

Monday, January 13

49 Labour councillors from Liverpool are due to contest in the High Court a £106,000 collective surcharge for delaying the setting of a rate in 1985.

Men's national basketball final at the Albert Hall (7.45pm).



Spain and Portugal's official entry into the European Economic Community on January 1 brings the number of member states to 12. The six original signatories of the Treaty of Rome of 1957, France, Belgium, West Germany, Italy, Luxembourg and the Netherlands, were joined by the UK, the Republic of Ireland and Denmark in 1973, and by Greece in 1981.

Tuesday, January 14

Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* with Placido Domingo, Kiri te Kanawa and Renato Bruson opens at the Royal Opera House (7pm).

Thursday, January 16

Arms control talks between the US and the USSR are due to resume in Geneva.

Sir Joshua Reynolds exhibition opens at the Royal Academy. Until March 31.

New production of Rossini's *Moses* conducted by Alberto Erede at the Coliseum (7pm).

First in a series of four concerts including at least one work by Schubert, and attempting to re-create the atmosphere of 19th-century musical soirées, at the St George Street Gallery, Sotheby's (8pm). Details from 735 0138.

Saturday, January 18

England v Wales rugby at Twickenham (2.15pm) and Scotland v France at Murrayfield (2pm).

England v Ireland hockey at Willesden sports stadium (2.15pm), the centenary match of the Hockey Association.

Tuesday, January 21

Musical version of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* opens at Sadler's Wells Theatre (2pm).

Thursday, January 23

Guitarist Julian Bream plays works by Bennett, Scarlatti and Sor at Wigmore Hall (7.30pm).

Saturday, January 25

Burns Night commemorates the poet's birth.

Sunday, January 26

Concert at the Barbican to commemorate the Charge of the Light Brigade (3pm).

Presidential elections are held in Portugal to find a successor to General Antonio Ramalho Eanes.

Monday, January 27

European Figure and Ice Dance Championships begin in Copenhagen (until February 1).

Wednesday, January 29

BBC Symphony Orchestra plays the UK première of Takemitsu's *riverun*, conducted by David Atherton, at the Festival Hall (7.30pm).

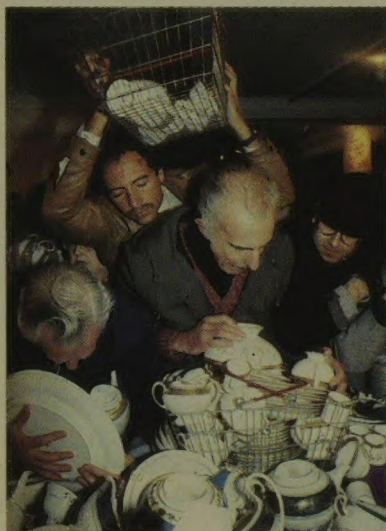
Thursday, January 30

Folio Society annual dinner and debate on the motion "Biographers are generally a disease of English Literature", proposed by Germaine Greer and Auberon Waugh and opposed by Victoria Glendinning and Richard Holmes, at the Royal Festival Hall.

Friday, January 31

Brian Urquhart, the senior British member of the United Nations Secretariat and the second person recruited to it, is due to retire as Under-Secretary-General for Special Political Affairs and be replaced by Marrack Goulding, former British Ambassador to Angola.

GLC measures banning heavy lorries from many of London's streets by night and at weekends are due to come into force.



Bargain-hunters at Harrods sale.

DAVID WINSSETT/PHOTO SOURCE

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Good of its kind

☹ Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

Are You Lonesome Tonight?

Alan Bleasdale's loyal effort to rescue Elvis Presley's posthumous reputation does not work very well. Still, fans will see their hero (acted by Martin Shaw) in decline, & hear some celebrated numbers sung by Simon Bowman. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 836 2294). REVIEWED OCT, 1985.

As You Like It

Juliet Stevenson's Rosalind overcomes the curiosities of an unexpected production recently seen at Stratford, played against a background of superfluous dust-sheets. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

★Barnum

Whether the great American showman was as gymnastic as this we shall never know; but Michael Crawford, who must be in uncommon training, almost persuades us. The musical is a good synopsis of Barnum's weird career. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★Camille

Pam Gems has made a version of the famous Dumas story that presumably is in tune with current ideas. It is, anyway, very well managed in Ron Daniels's production for the RSC; & the truth of the central performance by Frances Barber, as the consumptive courtesan, deserves everyone's applause. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

Cats

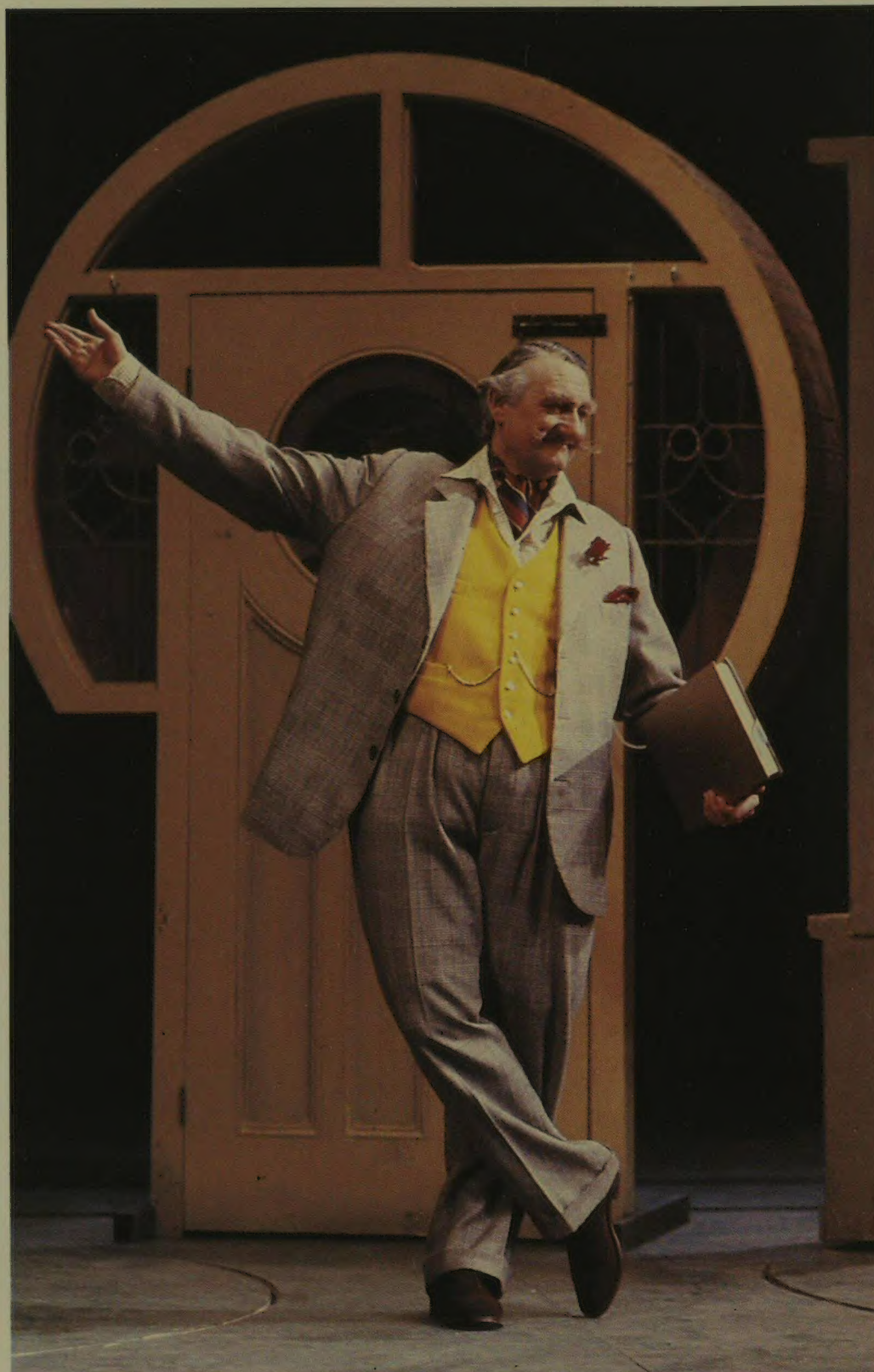
Although nobody has suggested that T. S. Eliot's cat poems are among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

The Cherry Orchard

Mike Alfred directs Chekhov's play, in a new translation by himself & Lilia Sokolov. The cast includes Eleanor Bron, Sheila Hancock, Ian McKellen & Edward Petherbridge. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★★A Chorus of Disapproval

Alan Ayckbourn explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted rapidly to a leading role in an amateur operatic production. Splendidly played by Bob Peck (as the diffident tyro) & Michael Gambon (as a hurricane



DONALD COOPER

A 50s Falstaff: Bill Alexander's RSC production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is set in 1958. Peter Jeffrey plays Shakespeare's most famous knight as a bar-room braggart who is humiliated by a pair of suburban wives, acutely acted by Janet Dale and Lindsay Duncan. The humour of the character in *Henry IV* has disappeared but Jeffrey brings a gallant strain to a sorry and degraded Falstaff. The play opens at the Barbican on January 28.

of a Welsh director). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★Daisy Pulls It Off

Denise Deegan's topping school story is precisely the kind of piece (though with tongue in cheek) that Angela Brazil might have written. David Gilmore's production gets funnier with the years. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc). REVIEWED JUNE, 1983.

Down an Alley Filled with Cats

A duel of wit in a Sydney bookshop, written by Warwick Moss, with Adam Faith as a "wide boy" & David de Keyser as a pedantic bookseller splendidly serving their Australian dramatist. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

The Dragon's Tail

Though her technique is unmarred, Penelope Keith in Douglas Watkinson's rather tepid comedy is less amusingly dragonish than we might have expected. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

The Duchess of Malfi

Philip Prowse's treatment of John Webster's Jacobean tragedy is so rightly atmospheric (Death stalking the corridors) that one wishes he had thought more of the sound. Ian McKellen's Bosola, grimly dominant, shows how verse & prose should be spoken. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

Evita

The fact that Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama is moving towards its end may seem like advance news of an ancient monument crumbling; but it will be with us a little longer yet. Until Feb 8. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499). REVIEWED AUG, 1978.

Fatal Attraction

Bernard Slade's play is a thriller that signally fails to thrill, though Susannah York & Denis Quilley do toil. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

★42nd Street

An American showbusiness musical that is an admirable example of high-gear professionalism. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

Gigi

An unfussed production of the Lerner-&Loewe musical in which the adolescent Gigi must learn what is expected of her in a Parisian family with a dubious tradition. Amanda Waring plays her winningly, surrounded by such people as Siân Phillips, Beryl Reid & Jean-Pierre Aumont. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc 434 1550).

★Guys & Dolls

No one rocks the boat dangerously in this National Theatre revival of the Broadway classic musical, score by Frank Loesser. The performances of Lulu, Norman Rossington & David Healy—but why be selective?—would have much cheered Damon Runyon. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

★★Interpreters

Ronald Harwood's romantic comedy is a witty & unusual piece. Two interpreters, a passionate Russian man & a half-Russian woman, are involved in an anecdote that moves between a debate on the menus for the London visit of the Russian president & the man's near-defection while renewing an affair of 10 years before. Maggie Smith & Edward Fox lead the cast finely, & John Moffat (as is his habit) makes gold of a

smaller part. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

Judy

Lesley Mackie plays Judy Garland in Terry Wale's musical play which traces the singer's rise & tragic end. Until Feb 8. Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755 cc 853 3800).

Lennon

We have already a musical about Elvis Presley. Now, on the other side of Charing Cross Road, John Lennon has the full treatment, with such players as Mark McGann & Carol Sroman. Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (734 4287, cc).

Look, No Hans!

This wildest of farces (by John Chapman & Michael Pertwee) may not be very informative about industrial espionage but it does tell us a lot about comedy technique as practised by David Jason & Richard Vernon. A good night—but do not ask too many questions. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

★Love For Love

Peter Wood has returned to Congreve's comedy after 20 years. The narrative is fortified by a re-creation of the atmospheric Lila de Nobili settings, & by at least one superb Restoration performance: Michael Bryant's Sir Sampson Legend. Although speech elsewhere might be more exciting, the cast (Stephen Moore as Valentine & Tim Curry as the preposterous Tattle) is always reliable. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

★Me & My Girl

The Lambeth Walk & other old tunes return cheerfully with Robert Lindsay in Lupino Lane's part (Enn Reitel from Jan 27), & so inventive a comedian as Frank Thornton to join him. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358). REVIEWED APR, 1985.

Melons

A play by Bernard Pomerance about an encounter between two survivors of the Apache wars, one an Apache, the other a former cavalry officer. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★Les Misérables

This Victor Hugo musical, deriving originally from Paris & recognized now for its elaborately devised production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird, has moved with the RSC cast to the West End. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column, but there must always be people to see it, gratified, for the first time. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★★Mrs Warren's Profession

Shaw's third play, banned from the public stage in Britain for so long, remains strongly theatrical after more than 90 years. There could hardly be more persuasive performances of Mrs Warren, the international bordello-keeper, & her alarming New Woman daughter, than those by Joan Plowright & Jessica Turner. Lyttelton.

Mutiny!

On board the *Bounty* we get to a musical-comedy Tahiti & to the mutiny led by Fletcher Christian (played by David Essex, who has also written the score). A magnificent ship (William Dudley's), a detailed production (Michael Bogdanov's) & performance (Frank Finlay's as Captain Bligh), but little else. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

★Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce—which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour—may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

No Sex Please, We're British

With a title that when the play opened 15 years ago seemed inspired, this is the *Mouse-trap* of farce. Its director, Allan Davis, keeps it fresh. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

Pravda

In spite of its name, Howard Brenton & David Hare call it "a Fleet Street comedy". No miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Until Mar 1. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

★★The Real Inspector Hound/The Critic

A grand double bill. Tom Stoppard's play, in which two drama critics find themselves involved with the action on stage, partners Sheridan's seldom-revived comedy, which has a particularly fine performance by Ian McKellen as Mr Puff. Olivier.

The Road to Mecca

Yvonne Bryceland, Charlotte Cornwell & Bob Peck return with Athol Fugard's semi-poetic portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress. Cottesloe.

★Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

★The Scarlet Pimpernel

Although they seek him everywhere, the Frenchies have not the slightest chance of catching Donald Sinden's ebullient Sir Percy Blakeney, even when he is confronted by Chauvelin at the inn near Calais. Beverley Cross's enjoyably brisk treatment of the Orzy narrative reaches London after the Chichester Festival & an autumn tour. Charles Kay is the baffled Chauvelin & Joanna McCallum the decorative Marguerite. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 4025, cc 741 9999). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

The Sloane Ranger Revue

We have few intimate revues nowadays, & this one (for all the expert theatrical direction of Ned Sherrin) is superfluous, a string of generally feeble sketches about the moronic Carolines & Henriets who are alleged to haunt Belgravia. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc 379 6433).

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

☉ Torch Song Trilogy

During this relentless evening, Antony Sher, exposes, often flamboyantly, the dreary private life of a Jewish drag queen. Harvey Fierstein's three linked pieces are a protracted appeal for compassion on behalf of gays. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

★Two Into One

Ray Cooney's grand farce with John Thaw,

Daniel Massey & Seretta Wilson. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

Wife Begins at Forty

Dinsdale Landen & Liza Goddard in a new comedy. A husband decides to take steps to save his marriage just as his wife has resolved to seek a divorce. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 379 6433).

Yonadab

Alan Bates, Wendy Morgan & Leigh Lawson in Peter Shaffer's new play, the story of a scandalous rape in Jerusalem in 1000 BC. Olivier. REVIEW ON P73.

FIRST NIGHTS

Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton's adaptation of Laclos's novel about decadence & sexual cynicism among the French aristocracy in the last years of the *ancien régime*, seen last year at Stratford's The Other Place. Opens Jan 8. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

The Light Rough

Alfred Lynch & Louise Jameson in a new comedy by Brian Thompson. Jan 16-Feb 22. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

The Merry Wives of Windsor

The Stratford production, with Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s. Opens Jan 28. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

Nicholas Nickleby, Parts I & II

Michael Siberry leads the cast in this revival of the RSC's award-winning production. Jan 4-Feb 8, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc); Feb 17-Mar 29, Theatre Royal, Newcastle upon Tyne (0632 322061, cc 0632 323380).

Othello

Although he lacks stature as Othello, Ben Kingsley may be moving; David Suchet speaks Iago resourcefully without being very plausible. Terry Hands has directed this Stratford production with speed in Ralph Koltai's most serviceable transparent-screen sets. Opens Jan 7. Barbican. REVIEWED NOV, 1985.

Philistines

Dusty Hughes's translation of Gorky's play about the tangled lives of a Russian family. Opens Jan 29. The Pit.

Pride & Prejudice

David Pownall's stage adaptation of Jane Austen's novel. Jan 29-Mar 8. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

FOR CHILDREN

Beauty & the Beast

Joely Richardson & Jack Klaff in a new version of the fairy tale. Until Jan 25. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

Charavari

The Trickster Theatre Company create human pyramids, stilt creatures & exuberant acrobatics. Until Jan 4. The Place, Dukes Rd, WC1 (387 0031).

Charlie & the Chocolate Factory

Stage adaptation of Roald Dahl's popular children's book, with music. Jan 21-Feb 15. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

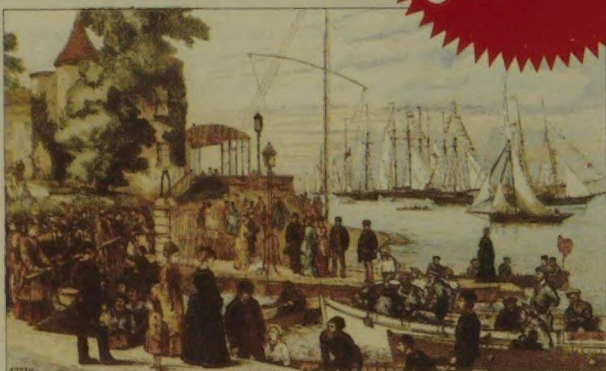
Cinderella

Des O'Connor & Paul Nicholas with Anna Neagle as the Fairy Godmother. ➤➤

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1986 CALENDAR

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	July	AUGUST	September
Monday	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29
Tuesday	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30
Wednesday	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24
Thursday	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25
Friday	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26
Saturday	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27
Sunday	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28

The ILN Calendar for 1986 presents a unique portrait of Britain as it was in Victorian & Edwardian times, seen through the eyes of artists of the day: elephants of the Raj parading at Temple Bar in the 1876 Lord Mayor's Show; 1890 ladies negotiating a hazard on Minchinhampton Golf Course; Londoners at play on the beaches of the South Coast; a picnic on the grouse moors. These are some of the scenes brought vividly to life by the colourful engravings on the 12 pages of the ILN Calendar – the ideal gift to family & friends at home & abroad.

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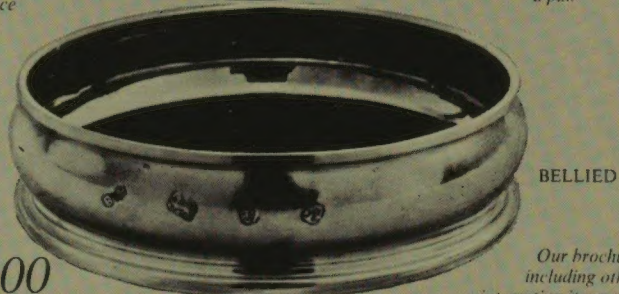
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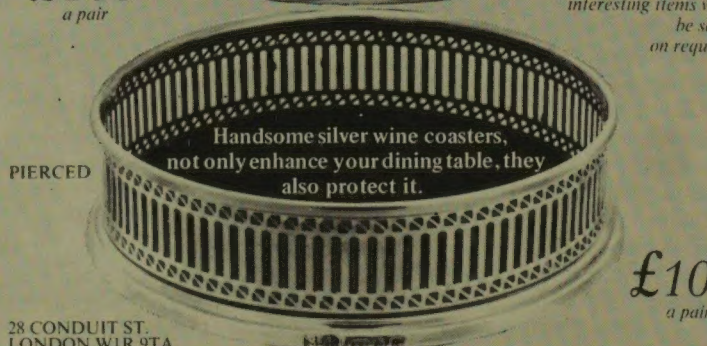
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THEATRE continued

Dec 23-Feb 22. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

Dracula or Out For the Count

Charles McKeown's Christmas show promises dancing vampires & jugulars. With Tim Flavin & Sylvester McCoy. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Feb 1.

The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe

C. S. Lewis's celebrated story about the land of Narnia. Until Jan 11. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc).

The Mr Men Musical

Messrs Happy & Clever, together with the Misses Shy & Naughty, & other Roger Hargreaves creations. Until Jan 18. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

Peter Pan—the Musical

Bonnie Langford takes the title role in a new version of J. M. Barrie's much-loved play. Dec 20-Mar 1. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

★ Back to the Future (PG)

An original & entertaining film, directed by Robert Zemeckis, with Michael J. Fox as a 1980s youth whisked in a time machine back to 1955. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

Best Defence (15)

In William Huyck's comedy Dudley Moore plays the inventor of a missile guidance system which almost destroys the tank officer charged with testing it (played by Eddie Murphy). Opens Jan 3. Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1 (437 1234).

★★ Black Narcissus (PG)

A superb evocation of the Himalayas, although shot at Pinewood, with Deborah Kerr leading a group of nuns & facing contradictions to her faith. Flora Robson, David Farrar, Sabu & Jean Simmons are in support in this 1946 Powell & Pressburger work. Opens Jan 3. Electric Screen, 191 Portobello Rd, W11 (229 3694).

★★ A Chorus Line (PG)

Richard Attenborough's film based on the successful stage musical about the aspirations of a group of dancers. Opens Jan 10. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929). REVIEWED ON P 73.

Death Wish 3 (18)

Charles Bronson is a lot older, but still more than a match for an army of punks terrorizing an entire east New York district which the police have virtually abandoned. Michael Winner's exuberant film culminates in a pitched street battle that amounts to war. Opens Jan 17. Classic, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527); Prince Charles, Leicester Pl, WC2 (437 8181).

★ Defence of the Realm (PG)

A Fleet Street journalist, played by Gabriel Byrne, stumbles on a cover-up involving an accident at a nuclear base, & sets out to expose the truth. David Drury's film uses authentic backgrounds but wrecks its veracity by making its newspapermen behave like conventional stereotypes: even on muck-raking

tabloids they do not impersonate police officers, & Scottish news editors have been a cliché since Alastair Sim in *This Man is News* (1938). Opens Jan 3. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (930 2738, cc).

Dreamchild (PG)

Coral Browne plays an elderly Alice Liddell who reviews, in flashbacks, her childhood & her relationship with the Reverend Charles Dodgson (alias Lewis Carroll) who immortalized her in the *Alice* books. Opens Jan 24. Curzon Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737, cc).

★★ The Emerald Forest (15)

John Boorman's ambitious & breathtaking film about a dam engineer who loses his little son to Amazon Indians, only to find him 10 years later completely integrated with the tribe, is a beautiful, moving & epic achievement. REVIEWED NOV, 1985.

King Solomon's Mines (PG)

Richard Chamberlain plays Allan Quatermain in J. Lee Thompson's film, based on the Rider Haggard novel about the search for diamond mines in Africa.

★★ Kiss of the Spider Woman (15)

Hector Babenco's film, with William Hurt as a prisoner in a South American jail. Opens Jan 17. Lumière, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (221 0220); Screen on the Hill, 230 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366). REVIEW ON P 73

★ Legend (PG)

Ridley Scott's spectacular fairy tale combines a love story, grotesque creatures & a horrific villain played by Tim Curry. Mia Sara plays a beautiful princess who falls into his clutches. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

★ My Beautiful Laundrette (15)

A delightful comedy by Stephen Frears about upwardly-mobile Pakistanis in darkest Battersea, in which a young man, encouraged by a prosperous uncle, adopts & transforms a dowdy laundrette into a haven of luxury. Daniel Day Lewis is outstanding as a white working-class yobbo friend.

Nineteen Nineteen (15)

Paul Scofield & Maria Schell play two former patients of Freud who, meeting in the present, discuss the effectiveness of their analysis.

Orion's Belt (15)

Norwegian thriller, directed by Ola Solum, set on the Russian border with Arctic Norway. Opens Jan 10. Classics Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148), Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc).

★ Silverado (PG)

Lawrence Kasdan's western, a sprawling affair with a sense of exhilaration & energy, has some of its action rendered obscure by hasty & drastic editing. Two law-breaking brothers join a couple of freewheeling underdogs to outwit the corrupt sheriff of Silverado. Linda Hunt makes a memorable appearance as the saloon keeper. Opens Jan 3. Leicester Square Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

Turtle Diary (PG)

Glenda Jackson & Ben Kingsley play a couple who meet during regular visits to the turtle aquarium at London Zoo. They evolve a plan to release the creatures into the sea.

Year of the Dragon (18)

Mickey Rourke plays a captain in the New York police force in Michael Cimino's film about the city's struggle against the Chinese "Mafia". Opens Jan 10. ABCs Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (836 8861, cc), Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 370 2110).

A Zed & Two Noughts (15)

Peter Greenaway's perverse film, in which a female amputee has as her lovers twin brothers with an obsessive interest in decomposing animals, pursues a course so preposterous that it can only be a monumental hoax, far exceeding his earlier film *The Draughtsman's Contract* in gnomic impenetrability. It is deliberately designed to arouse arguments.

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

London Philharmonic Orchestra, Band of the Honourable Artillery Company. A New Year gala of Viennese music conducted by Vilem Tausky. Jan 1, 7.30pm.

Wren Orchestra of London, Malcolm Sargent Festival Choir. Charles Farncombe conducts Handel's Messiah, with Isobel Buchanan, soprano, Alfreda Hodgson, contralto, Robert Tear, tenor, John Tomlinson, bass, in aid of the Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children. Jan 19, 7.30pm.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. A New Year Viennese concert conducted from the violin by John Georgiadis. Jan 1, 7.45pm. Günther Herbig makes his début with the orchestra conducting Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Sergei Edelmann as soloist, & Brahms's Symphony No 1. Jan 9, 7.45pm. He also conducts Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Mayumi Fujikawa as soloist, & Schubert's Symphony No 9. Jan 16, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Charles Groves conducts Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 2, with Philip Fowke as soloist, & Dvořák's Symphony No 8. Jan 13, 7.45pm. Enrique Batiz conducts Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, with Jaime Laredo as soloist, & Beethoven's Symphony No 3. Jan 19, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. David Atherton conducts Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 2, with John Lill as soloist, & Rachmaninov's Symphony No 1. Jan 15, 7.45pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts the first performance of Time & Again by Tristan Murail, who plays the ondes martinot, & Messiaen's Turangalila Symphony. Jan 23, 7.15pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Mstislav Rostropovich conducts Beethoven's Symphony No 5 & Shostakovich's Symphony No 4. Jan 25, 7.45pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Yehudi Menuhin conducts Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Hu Kun, winner of the City of Paris Menuhin Violin Competition 1985, as soloist, & Elgar's Enigma Variations. Jan 31, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. Gary Bertini conducts the Adagio from Mahler's Symphony No 10 & Schubert's Mass

in E flat, with Margaret Marshall, soprano, Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Adrian Thompson, tenors, Richard Jackson, bass. Jan 19, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Lorin Maazel conducts Brahms's Symphony No 2 & Beethoven's Symphony No 7. Jan 20, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus. André Previn conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5, with Emanuel Ax as soloist, & Belshazzar's Feast by Walton, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Jan 21, 7.30pm. He also conducts Dvořák's Cello Concerto, with Anne Martindale Williams as soloist, & Elgar's Enigma Variations. Jan 26, 7.30pm.

Young British Organists. A new series of début recitals. Wayne Marshall, Jan 22, 5.55pm. David Little, Jan 29, 5.55pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Serge Baudo conducts French music with Cécile Ousset as soloist in Ravel's Piano Concerto in G. Jan 23, 7.30pm. He conducts a second concert with Ida Haendel as soloist in Sibelius's Violin Concerto, & Brahms's Symphony No 4. Jan 28, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. In the Music of Eight Decades series, David Atherton conducts Messiaen's Chronochromie, the UK première of Takemitsu's riverrun & Bartók's The Wooden Prince. Jan 29, 7.30pm.

PURCELL ROOM

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Park Lane Group Young Artists & 20th-Century Music Series. Five days of concerts featuring some 30 young instrumentalists & singers & including a number of first performances. Jan 6-10, 6pm & 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Peter Frankl, piano, Gyorgy Pauk, violin, Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. Six recitals devoted to the complete Beethoven piano trios, violin sonatas & cello sonatas. Jan 2, 9, 16, 7.45 pm, Jan 5, 12, 3pm, Jan 19, 7.15pm. **London Sinfonietta Voices, Medici String Quartet.** Alan Bush 85th birthday concert. Jan 10, 7.45pm.

London Orpheus Choir & Orchestra. James Gaddarn conducts Handel's Messiah in its entirety. Jan 11, 7.30pm.

Monteverdi Choir & Orchestra. John Eliot Gardiner conducts Beethoven's Missa Solemnis. Jan 14, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Robert Cohen, cello, Roger Vignoles, piano. Sonatas by Beethoven & Prokofiev. Jan 13, 1pm.

Endellion Quartet. Quartets by Haydn & Britten. Jan 20, 1pm.

John Lill, piano. A recital of Beethoven Sonatas in aid of the National Birthday Trust. Jan 21, 7pm.

Lontano. Odaline de la Martinez directs first performances of works by Rendon, Biriotti, Lieberman, Sackman. Jan 23, 7.30pm.

Purcell Opera Company. David Roblou directs a staged performance of Purcell's *The Indian Queen*. Jan 25, 6pm.

Gabrieli Consort & Players. Paul McCreesh directs madrigals by Monteverdi. Jan 26, 7.30pm.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

András Schiff, piano, Yuuko Shiokawa, violin. Four concerts devoted to Mozart's complete sonatas for piano & violin. Jan 4, 8, 11, 15, 7.30pm.

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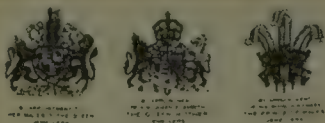
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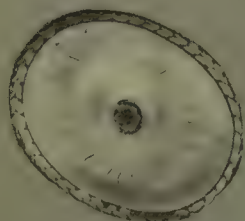
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MUSIC continued

Finchcocks Collection. First of the new early music & baroque series. Music by Hummel, Czerny, Schumann, Weber played on the historical keyboard instruments of the Finchcocks museum. Jan 9, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac. Tenth anniversary concert by the founder members: Felicity Lott, soprano, Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor, Richard Jackson, baritone, Graham Johnson, Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Songs by Schumann & Brahms. Jan 10, 7.30pm.

Philip Pilkington, piano. Bach & Haydn. Jan 12, 3.30pm.

Circa 1500. Renaissance music from the courts of Mantua & Ferrara. Solo & ensemble songs by a specialist group founded in 1982. Jan 16, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble, Linda Esther Gray, Sarah Leonard, sopranos. Lionel Friend conducts works by Henze, Mozart, Wagner, Berg, R. Strauss. Jan 18, 7.15pm.

Sequeira Costa, piano. Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel. Jan 22, 7.30pm.

Julian Bream, guitar. Works by Bennett, Visée, Scarlatti, Sor, Ponce. Jan 23, 7.30pm.

Stephen Varcoe, baritone, **Graham Johnson,** piano. Schubert's Winterreise. Jan 28, 7.30pm.

Beaux Arts Trio. In celebration of their first London concert at the Wigmore Hall in January, 1961, the trio play works by Haydn, Shostakovich & Beethoven. Jan 29, 7.30pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Don Giovanni. Jonathan Miller's new production. Jan 2, 8, 11, 14, 18, 23, 28. REVIEW ON P 75.

Julius Caesar. With the title role sung by Christopher Robson & Valerie Masterson as Cleopatra. Jan 3, 9, 15.

The Mastersingers of Nuremberg. Norman Bailey again sings the role of Hans Sachs in this revival of Elijah Moshinsky's production, conducted by Charles Mackerras, with Kathryn Harries as Eva, Kenneth Woolam as Walther. Jan 4, 10, 17, 21, 25, 30.

Moses. Rossini's rarely heard opera, based on the story of Exodus, is conducted by Alberto Erede in a production by Keith Warner, to be given only nine performances. John Tomlinson sings the title role. Jan 16, 22, 24, 29.

OPERA FACTORY LONDON SINFONIETTA Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

La Calisto. Revival of David Freeman's modern-dress production, in an English version by Ann Ridler, conducted from the harpsichord by Paul Daniel. Dec 30, Jan 3, 7, 10, 13, 17, 18, 22, 25.

Hell's Angels. Première of Nigel Osborne's first opera, with text by David Freeman, on a part-medieval, part-modern theme of love, evil & divine punishment. It is conducted by Diego Masson & produced by David Freeman. Jan 4 (preview), 6, 8, 11, 14, 15, 20, 21, 24.

OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc). Dec 19-Jan 25.

La fanciulla del West. With Mary Jane Johnson as Minnie, John Treleavan as Dick Johnson, Malcolm Donnelly as Jack Rance. Sung in

Italian with English supratitles. Dec 19, 21, 27, Jan 2.

The Golden Cockerel. English version by Stephen Oliver with Elizabeth Gale as the Queen of Shemakha, Bronwen Mills as the Golden Cockerel, John Winfield as the Astrologer. Dec 20, 23, 28, Jan 4, 9, 11.

La traviata. François Rochaix's production, recently seen at Sadler's Wells Theatre, with Natalia Rom & Helen Field sharing the title role, Adrian Martin as Alfredo & Donald Maxwell as Germont. Jan 3, 10, 13, 16.

The Mikado. Kate Flowers as Yum-Yum, Linda Ormiston as Katisha, Harry Nicoll as Nanki-Poo, Alan Oke as Ko-Ko & Thomas Lawlor as Pooh-Bah in the production staged by Christopher Renshaw for New Sadler's Wells Opera. Jan 17, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Simon Boccanegra. In replacement of the postponed new production of *Otello*, Renato Bruson sings the title role in this revival, Kiri te Kanawa sings Amelia & Plácido Domingo sings Gabriele Adorno for the first time on stage. Edward Downes conducts. Jan 14, 18, 22, 25, 29.

Turandot. Gwyneth Jones returns to sing the title role. Polish soprano Joanna Kozłowska makes her Royal Opera début as Liù & Franco Bonisolli sings Calaf, under the baton of Jacques Delacôte, in Andrei Serban's production. Jan 21, 24, 27, 31.

Faust. Luis Lima sings the title role with Samuel Ramey as Méphistophélès & Nelly Miricioiu as Marguerite in this revival of John Copley's traditional production, conducted by Michel Plasseon. Jan 30.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

Il trovatore. An up-dated version designed by Michael Yeargan, with Janice Cairns as Leonora, Angelo Marenzi as Manrico, Norman Bailey as Count di Luna, Patricia Payne as Azucena. Jan 22, 25, 28, Feb 1.

BALLET

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

The Nutcracker, the oldest production on show in Britain at the moment, it creaks a bit but the children love it. Until Jan 15.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

The Nutcracker, in Peter Wright's production, is short on magic & loses interest in little Clara after the transformation scene. The designs by Julia Trevelyan Oman are sugar-pretty. Jan 1, 4 (2.30 & 7.30pm), 7, 8.

Manon, Macmillan's interpretation of the tale of the *femme fatale* & the scholar. Jan 2, 9, 20, 23, 28.

Giselle, Peter Wright's new production. Jan 17. REVIEW ON P 75.

Paul Hamlyn sponsored week in which all seats cost between £1 & £3. Inquiries to Camilla Whitworth-Jones at the Opera House, 240 1200 ext 155: *The Nutcracker*, Jan 10; *Manon*, Jan 11, 13; *Giselle*, Jan 15, 16.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

Les Patineurs, Ashton's wintry favourite. Sandra Madgwick & Leanne Benjamin make their débuts as the Girls in Blue on Jan 1; Vin-

cent Hantam dances the Blue Boy for the first time, Jan 2. With *Petrushka* & *Paquita*.

Coppélia, everybody's favourite doll-come-to-life with Delibes's enchanting music. Jan 3 (2.30 & 7.30pm), 4, 6, 11 (2.30 & 7.30pm).

Quadruple bill: New ballets by Susan Crow, *Track & Field*, & by Graham Lustig, *Caught in Time*, with music by David Diamond & Walter Leigh respectively; *The Wand of Youth*, Corder's nostalgic view of the period just before the 1914-18 war (REVIEWED DEC, 1985); *Flowers of the Forest*, Bintley presents two ballets, one gay, one grave, both with a Scottish theme. Jan 7, 8.

Triple bill: *Card Game*, Cranko's very funny ballet based on the game of poker with a wickedly wild Joker; *Choros*, choreography Bintley, an interpretation of Greek dances; *Prodigal Son*, early, atypical Balanchine starring the Son & the Siren. Jan 9, 10.

SCOTTISH BALLET

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000).

The Nutcracker, Peter Darrell's production with designs by Philip Prowse—a Christmas treat for all dance-lovers. Until Jan 11.

JANET SMITH & DANCERS

The Place, 17 Dukes Road, WC1 (387 0031).

Four London premières: *Near & Far*, *Chaconne*, *Flee as a Bird* & another new work. Live music throughout under the baton of new musical director Nick Kok. Jan 14-18.

SPORT

ATHLETICS

Arrow Cosford Games, Cosford, near Wolverhampton. Jan 10, 11.

Pearl Assurance AAA & WAAA Indoor Championships, Cosford. Jan 24, 25.

The indoor season in Cosford's re-vamped aircraft hangar can surely not be accompanied by such shrill & clamorous divisions as were heard through the sport's first "professional" year. 1985 was a traumatic time for athletics, with rows—even a High Court action—over who received the best slice of TV fees, sponsorship & appearance money. Not long ago the Amateur Athletics Association was nearly bankrupt: last season its turnover was £4 million.

BASKETBALL

9th WICB Championships, Crystal Palace, SE19. Dec 31-Jan 4.

Prudential Cup final, Royal Albert Hall, SW7. Jan 13.

An important fortnight for one of the leading "sports centre" activities to make further headway, & both events will fuel the British game's current debate on the laxity of registration rules on "foreign" players. Says the livewire national coach, Bill Beswick, "It would be tragic if English kids find the path to the leading clubs & the England team not open to them. Only two American stars should be allowed per team."

HOCKEY

England v Ireland, Willesden, NW10. Jan 18.

Through the centenary celebrations of the Hockey Association, there will still be sadness at the sudden death in November of England's finest player, John Conroy, who collapsed while playing a 3rd XI friendly match at the age of 57. The country's best known player since Conroy is probably Ian Taylor—though nobody recognizes him for all his work is done with his face encased in the goalie's mask—& his ever staunch last-line should keep out the Irish once again.



The Fern Gatherer by Robert Herdman: watercolours at the Park Lane Hotel.

ICE SKATING

European Figure & Ice Dance Championships, Copenhagen, Denmark. Jan 27-Feb 1.

It will not be the same in Copenhagen without Ravel's Bolero keeping pace with Torvill & Dean. Since the split-up of their presumed heirs, Karen Barber & Nicky Slater, Britain's probably crushing hopes are weighing heavily on the Lancashire couple, Sharon Jones, 21 & Paul Askham, 23, whose act is said to have blossomed since they were 11th in the 1985 Championships.

RUGBY

England v Wales, Twickenham. Jan 18.

Scotland v France, Murrayfield, Jan 18.

Ireland, the champions, sit out the overture, though even they must admit that it will take some doing to hoodwink the rest again as comprehensively as their canny coach, Mick Doyle, managed last season—promising open, running rugby, & then playing with traditional Garryowen kick-&-gallop. As we keep saying, England must do something soon: Wales's introversion is surely over; can Scotland surprise even themselves & surely France must start as hottest of favourites?

TENNIS

WCT World Doubles Championship, Royal Albert Hall. Jan 7-12.

The 16 top doubles players compete for prize money totalling \$200,000.

GALLERIES

BARBICAN CENTRE

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Toki—Tradition in Japan Today. In the second half of the festival of traditional Japanese culture 50 photographic panels in a Japan Foundation exhibition, *The Japanese Garden: Its Beauties & Traditions*, show the best examples of the many styles of Japanese

garden, & *Before the Beginning* demonstrates the work of the sculptor Rintarō Yagi. Dec 31-Feb 16. Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm. The two principal exhibitions continue: *Nihonga*, with its modern-cum-traditional style paintings with a touch of Western influence, & *Karakuri Ningyō*, ancient Japanese robots & puppets. Until Jan 26. £2, concessions £1. Mon-Sat 10am-7.15pm, Sun noon-7.15pm.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

The Human Story: An Extraordinary Journey Through Time. A series of linked sequences which use theatrical sets & audio-visual displays, the exhibition opens with the creation of the universe & works its way through 35 million years of human history. Until Feb 23. £1, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24, 25, Jan 1.

DESIGN CENTRE

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000).

Sailing to Success. The latest developments in the design of boats & boating equipment. Jan 6-Feb 23.

Formica. The trademark for the laminated plastic widely used in kitchen furniture. The exhibition shows the company's production, application & marketing of its product. Jan 6-Feb 23.

Profit by Design. British manufacturers' involvement of design consultants in the production of their goods—in fields as varied as electronics, furniture & fashion—has shown product superiority that goes hand in hand with profitability. Jan 15-Feb 23.

Mon, Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat until 8pm, Sun 1-6pm.

DORCHESTER HOTEL

Park Lane, W1.

International Silver & Jewelry Fair &

Seminar. More than 35 European dealers display silver, jewelry, miniatures & objects of vertu of all periods & origins, plus a loan exhibition of 17th-century French & Italian wax portraits in gilded cases, & a series of lectures. Jan 31-Feb 3. Fri-Sun 11am-8pm, Mon until 6pm. Entrance £3, catalogue £3, lectures £5. Programme & tickets available in advance from 3B Burlington Gardens, W1X 1LE (734 5491).

FLDBORNE GALLERIES

63 Queens Grove, NW8 (586 3600).

Scottie Wilson (1890-1972). A British artist of international standing, Wilson was of working-class origins & virtually illiterate. He lived & worked in one room in Kilburn. His drawings of flowers, fish, birds & butterflies are almost Surrealistic, & those of masks, influenced by Canadian Indian totem poles, look rather like himself. Jan 23-Feb 9. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Homage to Barcelona. A survey of art from Catalonia, from 1888 until the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936. Until Feb 23. FEATURED NOV. 1985

Torres-Garcia: Grid-Pattern-Sign Paris-Montevideo, 1929-49. Work of the Uruguayan painter, who made a major contribution to European Constructivism. Until Feb 23.

£2.50, concessions & everybody all day Mon, Tues & Wed 6-8pm £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

Adolf Loos: Architecture. A key figure in the pre-First World War Vienna Secession, his work marks an important step on the road to the International Modern style in architecture. Until Jan 19. 60p. Daily noon-9pm. Closed Dec 24-26. (See Lectures, page 18).

McBRIDE'S

471 Fulham Rd, SW6 (381 5294).

Watercolours of Harrow School. Gallery owner & artist Barrie St Clair McBride presents an exhibition of his own work about his old school. Until Jan 22. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. Closed Dec 23-Jan 1.

WILLIAM MORRIS GALLERY

Lloyd Park, Forest Rd, E17 (527 5544).

Women Stained Glass Artists of the Arts & Crafts Movement. Stained glass panels, full-size cartoons, sketch designs, drawings & photographs demonstrate work from the 1890s to the 1950s. Until Mar 2. Tues-Sat 10am-1pm, 2-5pm (first Sun in the month 10am-noon, 2-5pm). Closed Dec 24-30, Jan 1.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Hallelujah! Handel. An exhibition evoking the life & times of the great 18th-century composer. Until Feb 23. £2, concessions £1.

Stars of the British Screen. A galaxy of British film stars—1930s to the present day—captured in photographs. Until Mar 2. 50p, concessions 25p.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252).

The World's Stages: Paintings & Drawings by Feliks Topolski. A chronicle of the theatre over the last 50 years by its most inexhaustible recorder, including a composite picture of George Bernard Shaw. Until Jan 25.

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GALLERIES continued

Graham Clarke. It is said of Clarke that more people in Britain own his paintings & drawings than the work of any other living artist. Until Jan 25.

Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

PARK LANE HOTEL

Piccadilly, W1 (inquiries: 493 6420).

The World of Watercolours. The first five-day international fair that promises an unprecedented wealth of watercolours. Drawn from the coffers of some 50 specialist galleries, including P. & D. Colnaghi, Jeremy Maas, Peter Johnson, William Drummond & Andrew Wyld; the works range from 18th- & 19th-century English & European to the modern & contemporary & will be selling in the price range of £50 to £5,000. There are also loan exhibitions from the National Art-Collections Fund & from the Royal Water-Colour Society's Diploma Collection. Jan 22-26. £3, inclusive of illustrated handbook. Daily 11am-8pm, last day until 6pm. (Lectures on the British watercolour, Jan 23, by John Ward & Andrew Wilton, 3pm & 6pm, £5 each.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Tribute to the Royal Academy's first president. Jan 16-Mar 31. £3, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £2, children £1.50. Daily 10am-6pm. FEATURE ON P 52.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Rule Britannia. 400 years of Britain's maritime history—from the Armada to the Falklands war—represented in paintings of ships & naval battles, porcelain & glass, plus furniture, sextants & silver. Jan 2-31 (except Jan 6). Donations to RNLI.

Ancient Art from Private Collections in Great Britain. Greek & Roman sculpture & antiquities dating from 2500 BC to the third century AD. Sotheby's have mounted this exhibition of classical art in British collections in aid of the Bernard Ashmole Archive of Photographs of Ancient Sculpture at King's College, London. Jan 15-31. Contributions to the Archive Appeal.

Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

WATERMANS

40 High St, Brentford, Middx (568 3312).

Julian Trevelyan. Retrospective exhibition for this neglected British artist, showing prints & paintings from the 1930s to the present day. Trevelyan (b 1910) was a member of the English Surrealist group (1936-39); his more recent works depict scenes around Hammersmith & the Thames. Jan 17-Feb 23. Daily 10.30am-9pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

Whitechapel Open. Annual exhibition in which East End artists & craftsmen participate, now returned home after two years in temporary venues. Jan 24-Feb 16. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

MUSEUMS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415).

Spirit of Christmas with the Christmas Crib. Cribbs old & modern, of which the highlight is a large Neapolitan *presepio*. Until Jan 12. Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

BRITISH MUSEUM/BRITISH LIBRARY

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Grimm Tales in English. When the translated *Grimm's Fairy Tales* arrived in England in 1823 the book's success revolutionized the conventional English attitude towards folktales which then became acceptable reading for children. This small display celebrates the bicentenary of the birth of Jacob, one of the brothers Grimm, in 1785. Until Jan 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

CABINET WAR ROOMS

Clive Steps, King Charles St, SW1 (735 8922).

Churchillian. Churchill's underground wartime HQ finds the space for a collection of some 200 commemorative items, such as toby jugs, stamps & postcards, inspired by the great war leader. Until Mar 23. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sun 10am-5.50pm.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

Leslie Cole 1910-77: To the Front Line, Paintings of the Second World War. Official war artist, 1942-45, Cole was sent to Malta, France, Greece, Germany & the Far East. His pictures record those undergoing the physical & mental stresses of war. Until Feb 23. Voluntary admission, suggested £1, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Ivory, Feathers & Lace. A display of fans dating from the 17th to the 20th centuries, drawn from the museum's costume collection. A number of the fans have royal connexions: others commemorate London occasions, such as a balloon ascent made from the City in 1783. Until Apr 27. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gardens, W1 (437 2224).

A Tour in Finland: Folk Costumes from Finnish Karelia. The 150th anniversary of the Finnish epic poem, the Kalevala, celebrated in 19th-century costumes on loan from the National Museum of Finland. Until Jan 26.

Lost Magic Kingdoms & Six Paper Moons. Items from the museum's reserve collections selected by Eduardo Paolozzi & exhibited with works of his own influenced by them: his sculpture & ceramics are shown alongside toys, tools & magical bundles. Continuing exhibition.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422).

Spaceworks. A lifesize model of Giotto, the European Space Agency's mission to Halley's Comet, forms the centrepiece of an exhibition designed to show how satellites have revolutionized our everyday lives. Until Dec 31, 1986. Museum & Old Royal Observatory £1 each, concessions 50p; combined ticket £1.50 & 75p; family ticket £4. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

The Leopard's Tale. Photographs & pen & ink drawings by photographer & artist Jonathan Scott, taken from his book, provide insight into the life of a mother leopard & her offspring outside the Masai Mara Game Reserve in Kenya. Until Feb 2. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Beatrix Potter: The V&A Collection. Exhibition of material from the Leslie Linder Collection, staged by the National Art Library. Included are illustrations for *The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse*, & unpublished drawings for *The Three Little Mice* & *The Rabbits' Christmas Party*. Until Feb 2. Voluntary admission, suggested £2, concessions 50p. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

LECTURES

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

Art & Its Non-Style: Culture & Value from Adolf Loos's Vienna. Two-day conference to mark the occasion of the first exhibition devoted to Adolf Loos in Britain since 1934 (see Galleries, p 15). Speakers, who include three Viennese architects, Norman Stone, author of *Modern Europe Transformed*, & Dr Edward Timms, author of *Unreal City*, view turn-of-the-century Vienna—since labelled a "laboratory of the modern"—amid whose florid opulence Loos launched his campaign against gratuitous ornament. Jan 18, 19, 10.30am-2.30pm. Tickets £3 a day, plus 60p day pass for non-members.

LYTTLETON THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252).

Women in Theatre & Broadcasting. An open forum in which successful women—Gillian Diamond, casting director of the NT, Kim Evans, director of *The South Bank Show*, Debbie Horsfield, playwright, & Susannah York, actress, among others—talk about their work & answer questions on how to develop a career in the arts. Jan 18, 10.30am-noon. £1.

PURCELL ROOM

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

National Trust Lecture Series 1986. Denis Moriarty & Mervyn Blatch speak on *Spires & Steeples* in a memorial lecture for Alec Clifton-Taylor, Jan 13; John Hardy looks at *Osterley Park House—a Palace for Pleasure*, Jan 20; & Charles Lines profiles *The Gentle Squire of Baddeley Clinton*, Jan 27. All at 6pm. Tickets £2.

SOCIETY FOR THEATRE RESEARCH

Venue: Art Workers' Guild, 6 Queen Sq, WC1.

Reconstructing the First Production of The Importance of Being Ernest. Joseph Donohue, Professor of English at the University of Massachusetts & director of the long-term project, "The London Stage 1800-1900: A Documentary Record & Calendar of Performances", discusses the most characteristic & most successful of Oscar Wilde's plays. Jan 21, 7.30pm. Full details of the Society's lecture programme from 77 Kinner-ton St, SW1X 8ED.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

William Morris & the Arts & Crafts Movement. The artistic achievement of this prolific Victorian designer of textiles & wallpapers, whose aim was to produce "good decoration, involving rather the luxury of taste than the luxury of costliness", is examined in a six-week Saturday morning course with tutor Helen White. Jan 18-Feb 22, 11am (Feb 1, all-day visit to the William Morris Gallery, Walthamstow, & to the Red House, Bexleyheath). Course fee £40, concessions £30. Apply with sae to Angela Thurgood, Education Dept.

CHILDREN

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

New Year's Teddy Bears' Concerts. The teddies come out again today, hosted by Ian Lavender & the London Concert Orchestra under Fraser Goulding. A first performance of *Paddington in Concert*, the story with music of Paddington Bear by Michael Bond & Herbert Chappell. Jan 3, 2pm & 5pm. £5.50, if accompanied by bear £4.50.

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415).

Holiday programme. Professor Percy Press II puts on a Punch & Judy show, Dec 28; Kate Castle of the Royal Ballet talks about dolls in ballet & teaches a simple dance, Dec 30 & Jan 2; & Claire Plumb lends a hand at making Jumping Jacks, Dec 31 & Jan 4. All 2.30pm. Events for pre-school-age children, Jan 9, 16, 23, 30, 2pm.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Asterix & His Friends Invade the British Museum. Films *Asterix & Cleopatra* (Dec 30, 31, 11am & 3pm) & *Asterix the Gaul* (Jan 2, 3, 11am & 3pm) are complemented by an illustrated lecture *Asterix & the Romans* (Jan 3, 1.15pm) at which speaker John Reeve of the Education Service asks how authentic are the Asterix stories & what evidence is there for the events described? Follow-up interest in Egypt & Roman Britain with museum trails.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

Fossils Road Show. The chance to have your own fossils identified by experts from the Natural History Museum. Perhaps your collection offers a vital clue to understanding the past. Weekends throughout Jan, Sat 11am-4pm, Sun 2-5pm.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gardens, W1 (437 2224).

Mystery hunt. To help paint a mural depicting current exhibitions at the museum, children (aged seven to 12 years) must first follow up clues set for them in the galleries. Overalls or old clothing are recommended. Jan 2, 3, daily 10am-1pm, 2-4.45pm.

PURCELL ROOM

South Bank, SE1 (928 3191).

The 10-Day Wonder Children's Festival.

Variety of activities & entertainments including puppets, Mexican dance & music, kite-making, ballet, juggling & clowning. Morning workshops are free but by ticket booked in advance only; afternoon shows, children 50p, adults £1. Dec 27-Jan 5. Telephone to book & for details.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 5015).

Family days. Nature & man's relationship to landscape provides the theme of films & workshops aimed at the over five-year-olds (all under 16 years to be accompanied by an adult). Jan 1-4, 11am-4pm. Full details from Community Education Office.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Liz Falla, Frank Keating, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Ursula Robertshaw, Peter Robinson, J. C. Trewin, Penny Watts-Russell. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

A SQUEAK OF HOPE FOR ULSTER



Mrs Thatcher and Dr Fitzgerald sign the joint Anglo-Irish agreement at Hillsborough Castle, Co Down.

The tiny squeak of hope that emerged from the Hillsborough agreement has not been wholly stifled by the cries of outrage from the Protestant leaders in Northern Ireland. Indeed the hasty and pugnacious nature of their response may well strengthen the resolve of the British people as a whole that any reasonable attempt to promote peace and stability in Northern Ireland is worth supporting, and that wrecking crews should not be tolerated. This clearly was the view of the House of Commons, which gave the agreement its approval by a majority of 426. It is rare these days to have any subject brought before the House which unites the Conservative, Labour, Liberal and Social Democratic benches, but this was achieved in the two-day debate following the signing.

The lesson is obvious. The British people are fed up with Northern Ireland. They do not want to go on sending troops there and have them killed in defence of people who will not themselves support attempts to restore peace to their province, nor do they want to go on paying the cost of discriminatory practices against the minority, both in politics and in employment. They are weary of the Ulster Protestant majority's refusal to share power, to permit any form of local democracy, to accept that the British mainland

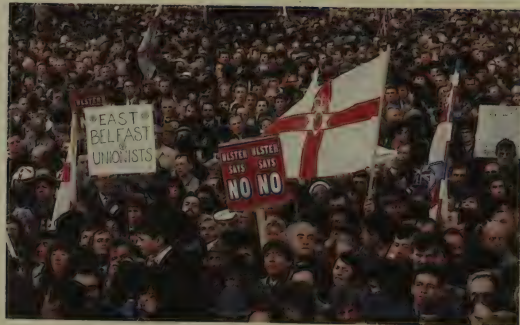
majority should have some influence on their affairs. The decision of the Ulster MPs in Westminster to resign their seats and fight bye-elections will no doubt show that these MPs do indeed represent the majority of their constituents in Northern Ireland, but it will not reflect their standing in the nation of which they wish to remain a part.

There should be no doubt that Parliament and the British people as a whole want to give the Hillsborough agreement a try. The new element (and one which upsets the Ulster Protestant leaders) is that it involves the Irish government. Not since the partition of 1922 has the south's interest in the north been so directly acknowledged, accepted and provided for. But not since that time has the Irish government conceded so unequivocally that British sovereignty in Northern Ireland can be withdrawn only by the consent of the majority.

Fundamentally the purpose of the agreement is to secure peace and stability in Northern Ireland, to encourage reconciliation and co-operation between the two communities, and to strengthen the co-operation between the British and Irish governments in putting down the IRA

terrorists. It is less ambitious than the Sunningdale Agreement of 1973, which had proposed an executive Council of Ireland composed of representatives from north and south, but aims rather higher than more recent initiatives, none of which succeeded in achieving even their limited objectives.

The odds against the Hillsborough agreement succeeding are certainly formidable. If the Protestant majority support their more extreme leaders in rejecting it out of hand then it will clearly be difficult to make it work. On the Irish side Dr Fitzgerald, the Prime Minister, has stuck out his political neck by appearing to accept partition. How sensitive an issue this is was made evident in the reaction to an unguarded comment by Mr King, the Northern Ireland Secretary, suggesting that Dr Fitzgerald had abandoned hope of a united Ireland "in perpetuity". This went further than the terms of the agreement, as both British and Irish representatives were quick to make clear, but the incident emphasized the delicacy of the diplomatic negotiation that led to the signing of the accord. It also demonstrated the determination of both governments, and both Prime Ministers, not to relax the grip they have finally taken on what has for so long been dismissed, with a shrug, as the Irish problem.



ULSTER: THE PROTESTANT RESPONSE



The anger, fear and suspicion aroused among Protestants by the Anglo-Irish agreement found forceful expression in Ulster's pulpits and streets.

In Belfast the Reverend Ian Paisley's verdict, given to a huge rally outside the city hall, was "Never, never, never". An effigy of Mrs Thatcher was burnt, and Unionist MPs pledged to resign their seats at Westminster.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIPPE ACHACHE/IMPACT



Even when worshipping at his church outside Belfast, the Reverend Ivan Foster, left, seen here with the Reverend David Linden, keeps a gun within reach.



Militant Protestant youths, also armed, show their readiness for action.

JAN 85

The Queen dines at 10 Downing Street



BRIAN HARRIS/IMPACT

The Queen was greeted by Mr and Mrs Thatcher at the door of Number 10 for a dinner celebrating the 250th anniversary of the house as residence of Prime Ministers. Five former Prime Ministers were among the guests. From left: Mr James Callaghan, Lord Home, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, Lord Stockton, the Queen, Lord Wilson, Mr Edward Heath.



PRESS AND PICTURES



AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGERS

Ten months even before the elimination races for the 1987 America's Cup, there is hectic activity among potential contenders. Some 24 new 12 metre yachts are expected to be launched shortly. One of the two British challengers, *Crusader*, is seen here being named by the Princess of Wales. Following Australia's dramatic victory in the last Cup series with a revolutionary keel design, both the British entrants and a French syndicate with their boat *French Kiss*, shown here out of the water and under sail, were very careful to keep this feature shrouded. Copies of plans for the British keel were reported to have been offered to the New York Yacht Club for \$25,000.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. SCHACHMES/SYGMA



BOTHAM'S WALK

The England cricketer Ian Botham raised more than £400,000 for leukaemia research during a walk from John o'Groat's to Land's End. He completed the 874 miles in 35 days.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL J. GALLAGHER





A survivor is rescued from the remains of Armero, the Colombian town buried when the Nevado del Ruiz volcano erupted in November. Experts had predicted that an eruption was due five weeks before it happened, but the authorities simply issued emergency evacuation pamphlets which proved tragically inadequate. Rescuers were further hampered by roads rendered impassable by the torrent of volcanic mud.



COPING WITH WORLD DISASTERS

by Edward Heath MP

The international community is slow and unco-ordinated in its response to emergencies, even when dramatic TV pictures have prompted people to act. The author suggests ways of improving a system of international rescue.

Television has changed the way we view a catastrophe. Year by year, new disasters and their toll in death and destruction, human suffering and misery are brought vividly home to us. Few can have failed to be moved by images of starving children in sub-Saharan Africa or by the frantic efforts of rescue workers to dig out survivors from the rubble of buildings destroyed by earthquake in Mexico or to drag children from the clinging slime in Armero after the eruption of the Nevado del Ruiz volcano in Colombia.

Television has played an important part in mobilizing public opinion in western democracies behind a swifter and more generous response by their governments. At the same time, pictures of immediate, palpable suffering flashed by satellite have stimulated massive private contributions to the major relief charities: Oxfam, Save the Children Fund, the Red Cross and others.

The role of television and the newspapers should be neither underestimated nor denigrated: their attentions are not, however, an unmixed blessing. Sadly, concern tends to become focused solely upon the immediate needs of stricken areas. This has become the glamorous part of relief and development work. Moreover, the public pressure generated by the media may sometimes catapult governments into immediate but inappropriate response. But once the pictures have faded from our screens, vital but long-term rehabilitation

work is downgraded as the glare of initial media attention shifts to other topics.

Before we propose measures to improve disaster relief, we must attempt first to understand what disasters are and second to analyse the merits and deficiencies of the methods by which the international community responds to disasters.

Are disasters "Acts of Nature"? Superficially, yes. But the tendency to regard them as such may encourage a fatalistic acquiescence about the inevitability of these tragedies.

In reality most disasters—of course there are exceptions—can be predicted with varying degrees of certainty, some earlier than others. This is certainly true of the famines in Ethiopia, Sudan and the rest of the Sahel. Here the present tragedy was widely predicted for up to a decade, yet it was only when people were already dying in their thousands that the international community made resources available on a sufficient scale to tackle the crisis. It could have been avoided.

But it is also true that so-called "natural disasters" can be foreseen. The eruption of Nevado del Ruiz in which 25,000 lives were lost had been long predicted: the Colombian Institute of Geology and Mining had even analysed the risks of mud flows. Modern technology can give a considerable degree of warning about the likely course of hurricanes and typhoons.

Thus, greater precautions can be taken today to prepare countries for natural disasters. On the

REUTERS/REUTERS



BRIAN LAURENCE/REUTERS/REDA

Both the famine in Ethiopia, above, and the likelihood of a major earthquake in Mexico, right, had long been forecast. In Ethiopia government actions intensified the suffering; in Mexico City control of building standards was not rigorous enough.

→ axiom that prevention is better than cure. I rest my belief that the relationship between disaster relief and the need for more long-term development assistance is much closer than is commonly perceived.

Parts of the developed world are prone to earthquakes, hurricanes and volcano activity. Yet the impact of these calamities in the United States is much less than in the developing world. This is for a variety of reasons connected with the robustness of the local infrastructure. A better warning system exists. Greater resources and a more effective organization to deal with the immediate consequences of the disaster—for example, vehicles, hospital and medical supplies—are available. High standards of building afford better protection to the occupants. More competent governments are better prepared for such eventualities with properly laid plans and procedures.

Thus "Acts of Nature" are not equal in their impact.

So our priority must be to assist Third World countries to develop their economies. Disaster relief is just one element in the realm of Third World development. We must be prepared to aid these unfortunate countries to develop their infrastructure and their industries, to improve their housing and their agriculture and to enhance the quality and effectiveness of their system of government. This will make their societies more resilient and better able to cope when disaster strikes.

This is a long-term challenge.

What of the immediate response to disasters? Is it as effectively coordinated as it might be? We are all familiar with stories of inappropriate aid: the thousands of heavy-weight blankets dispatched by the well-meaning to the victims of a tropical storm.

This problem is often compounded by an over-zealous press which, with perfectly good intention, demands an immediate—and therefore often ill-considered—response. What is required is a better co-ordinated response. And the truth is that there has been vast improvement in this field over the past 15 years. The classic examples of generosity being spoilt by the response being random, *ad hoc* and inappropriate are the Nigerian Civil War of 1967-70, the cyclone in East Pakistan and India in 1970 and the earthquake in Chile in 1971. The total aid provided by government, international government organizations and non-governmental organizations to these countries reached over \$553 million. Yet the relief work was widely criticized as ineffective.

Before 1971 there was very little dialogue between different disaster relief organizations. Contact between non-governmental organizations and government was at best casual. By 1971, however, the pressure on government to devise a more systematic means of dealing with foreign disasters became irresistible.

By 1972 the picture was beginning to change, as under the aegis of the UN new machinery for co-

ordination was put in place. In December, 1971, the United Nations Disaster Relief Organisation was founded "to mobilize, direct and co-ordinate the relief activities of the UN system and co-ordinate the assistance with that given by other inter-governmental and non-governmental organizations".

UNDRO marked a step towards a more integrated and appropriate response to disaster. Yet it has from time to time been severely criticized. My own view is that it has done a very useful job, given the paucity of its resources—a staff of 54 and an office in Geneva.

Its major limitation is that it is a minnow in a sea of whales. It has no operational capacity of its own—it cannot act directly to help—and consequently institutional rivalry has meant that its larger brothers among the international agencies, United Nations Children's Fund and United Nations High Commission for Refugees etc, let alone national governments, have been unwilling to accept its leadership.

There is no doubt that there has been a marked increase in co-ordination, but there is still a clear need for greater discipline. If tents are needed to house refugees from earthquake damage, it is better that a body such as UNDRO should take responsibility for procurement and that its responsibility should be clearly recognized. Far better this than that national governments and voluntary agencies respond to indiscriminate appeals and send supplies without reference to any organization

on the ground which can check their suitability. At best the tents may be useless; at worst the transport of unsuitable tents may choke up overburdened lines of supply, delaying other more urgently needed items.

Clearly the existing system, though improved, is far from perfect. How can we devise a system that will overcome some of these shortcomings? Not, I think, by creating another international agency or by enlarging UNDRO into a major bureaucracy with its own operational arm. This might well exacerbate existing problems of co-ordination by creating new institutional rivalry. It would also sit uncomfortably with my view that disaster relief is an integral part of wider Third World development priorities.

ALEX WEBB/AMAGNET



The problems should not be underestimated. We may well develop bureaucratic imperatives and institutional rivalries, but we must recognize them, for they surely exist. It is a question of designing a system that at worst copes with them and at best harnesses them as an important dynamic.

Likewise, we can regret that the niceties of diplomacy and international politics may impede co-ordination; but we must remember that in any relief operation there will be involved perhaps half a dozen UN agencies, other international governmental institutions, a score or more national governments as well as the government of the country where the disaster has occurred. There are, in addition, a plethora of charities and other non-governmental relief

and development organizations. This situation is bound to give rise to tricky problems of protocol. We must build a system that makes the best of this. We can fulminate against reality as much as we like: it remains reality.

I hesitate to make any firm proposal about what institutional changes are required to improve international response to disasters. It is clearly a matter for very detailed consideration. Yet it seems to me that the role of UNDRO must be enhanced to enable it to promote a more co-ordinated and disciplined response by the international community. Too often critical liaison is short-circuited, for example by direct government-to-government contacts borne of a desire to make the most political and public re-

lations capital out of a disaster.

Likewise, the UNHCR has been severely criticized for its ineffectiveness in those emergencies where the UN has given it the lead role in co-ordinating relief work.

Perhaps the way forward lies in enhancing the effectiveness of UNDRO by placing it under the aegis of one of the major UN agencies which already has an operational capacity. Such a plan would require detailed examination—I do not claim to be an expert in the internal politics and rivalries of the development agencies.

I suggest that UNICEF might be an appropriate home for UNDRO. As the realization that the welfare of children depends to a large extent on the welfare of families has grown, so UNICEF has become more and

more a general humanitarian organization for development and the relief of poverty and suffering. UNICEF would have the necessary clout and resources to carry out the duties of co-ordinating the whole effort much more effectively than UNDRO alone could ever do.

What is of paramount importance, however, is that those of us who have supported Third World development must ensure that the strength of public opinion that has been mobilized by the terrible pictures of suffering is not dissipated. We must continue to persuade people that "fighting fires" is not enough. There is a permanent priority for long-term aid for development so that as far as possible we can make sure that these heart-rending scenes occur as seldom as possible. ○

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, November 18

Five Palestinians charged with arms offences on the hijacked cruise liner *Achille Lauro* were convicted in Genoa, Italy, and sentenced to jail terms of between four and nine years. They will appear in court on murder and hijack charges at a later date.

Margaret Thatcher and President Francois Mitterrand of France met in London and announced they would make a decision on the fixed Channel link at a meeting in Paris in January.

EEC finance ministers agreed to a loan package of more than £1,000 million to help Greece through a balance of payments crisis.

The Colombian government reported that typhoid had broken out in Armero, the town devastated by the eruption of the Nevado del Ruiz volcano on November 14, and the death toll in the disaster zone had risen to 25,000.

Tuesday, November 19

Israeli jets shot down two Syrian Mig-23s on the Lebanese-Syrian border.

France announced a plan to link reform of the EEC with co-operation on foreign policy between member states in a European union.

Performances at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, resumed after a musicians' pay dispute was resolved with £10,000 from an anonymous donor.

Peter Brooke, Education and Science Under Secretary, was appointed Minister of State at the Treasury to replace Ian Gow, who resigned over the Anglo-Irish deal.

Wednesday, November 20

MPs voted against the televising of House of Commons proceedings by 275 votes to 263.

Roy Gibson was appointed director of the new British National Space Centre to be based in London.

At least seven people were reported killed around Durban, 13 in the eastern Cape and four near Johannesburg in continued unrest in black South African townships.

Thursday, November 21

President Ronald Reagan of the United States and General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev of the Soviet Union concluded the first summit conference between their two countries for six years with a joint statement in Geneva of "a new start" in relations between their countries despite having failed to overcome major policy differences between them.

The Irish Parliament approved the British-Irish accord giving the Republic a formal consultative role in the affairs of Northern Ireland by 88 votes to 75.

Dominique Prieur and Alain Mafart, two French secret service agents, were each sentenced to 10 years in prison for their part in the sinking of the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* in Auckland harbour in July.

13 people were killed when police fired on rioters in the black South African township of Mamelodi, near Johannesburg.

Michael Somare, the Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, was removed from office by a parliamentary vote of no-confidence and was replaced by the opposition leader Pias Wingti.



President Ronald Reagan of the US and Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, having informal discussions in Geneva during the first summit conference between the two countries in six years.

Friday, November 22

Labour leaders of Liverpool City Council proposed a legal budget to end their confrontation with the Government and the financial crisis which had left the council without money to pay its employees. The proposals were approved by the council's finance committee on November 25.

Saturday, November 23

Five terrorists hijacked an Egyptian Boeing 737 with more than 90 passengers and crew aboard *en route* from Athens to Cairo, forced it to land at Luqa Airport, Malta, and began to shoot passengers when authorities refused to allow it to refuel. The following evening a force of 25 Egyptian commandos stormed the aircraft, and 59 people, including four of the hijackers, were killed in the ensuing battle.

Sunday, November 24

About 1,500 members of the print union Sogat 82 went on strike at Mirror Group Newspapers over proposals by the group's publisher, Robert Maxwell, to cut 2,000 of the 6,000-strong workforce. The strike was called off on November 25.

Colombia announced a national economic emergency in the wake of the siege of the Palace of Justice in Bogotá and the eruption of the Nevado del Ruiz volcano, both in November.

Ayatollah Hosain Ali Montazeri was named the future successor to Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran.

Monday, November 25

A High Court judge rejected an attempt by Ulster Unionists to challenge the legality of the Anglo-Irish accord on Northern Ireland.

The FT Index climbed 11.5 points to a new closing record of 1,146.9.

Peter O'Loughlin was charged with conspiracy to cause an explosion at Chelsea Barracks on November 12.

Wednesday, November 27

The political activities of Liverpool's Militant-dominated District Labour Party were suspended during an investigation into alleged intimidation and electoral malpractice.

The United Nations General Assembly adopted an Argentine resolution requesting the UK and Argentina to begin talks to resolve their dispute about all aspects of the future of the Falkland Islands.

The British-Irish accord on Northern Ireland was approved by the British House of Commons by 473 votes to 47; leading members of the Democratic Unionist Party resigned their seats at Westminster in order to fight by-elections in the province.

Three gunmen shot and wounded Giani Sahib Singh, the highest priest of

the Sikh religion, inside the Golden Temple in Amritsar, India.

France exploded a nuclear device of some 50 kilotonnes at the Mururoa Atoll test site in the South Pacific.

Thursday, November 28

Evidence that a large fraud had been committed in 1981 against the Johnson Matthey Bank, which subsequently collapsed in 1984, was passed to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

South African police killed three suspected insurgents during a shoot-out near the Swaziland border after a pre-dawn rocket attack on the strategic oil-from-coal plant at Secunda.

The conviction and 18-month jail sentence on Mr Justice Lionel Murphy, Australia's third-ranking judge who was found guilty in July of attempting to pervert the course of justice, were quashed by an Appeal court and a retrial ordered.

41 Tamil separatist guerrillas were killed during skirmishes with Sri Lankan armed forces units.

Friday, November 29

The exiled Seychelles resistance leader Gerard Hoareau was shot dead outside his London home.

Five people were killed in Glasgow when an explosion and fire, suspected to have been caused by a fractured gas main, destroyed a block of flats.



Captain Hani Galal, pilot of the hijacked Egyptian Boeing 737 after its storming on November 24 by Egyptian commandos at Luqa airport, Malta where it had been forced to land.

An Austrian wine merchant was jailed for two and a half years for doctoring 200,000 litres of wine with diethylene glycol, a chemical used in the manufacture of anti-freeze.

Sunday, December 1

A report by the Archbishop of Canterbury's commission on inner cities was published two days early after leaked extracts from the report, calling for the abolition of tax relief on mortgages and blaming government policies for inner city deprivation, were condemned as "Marxist" by some Conservative MPs.

Police investigating an alleged attempt to leak plans of the Royal Thames Yacht Club's America's Cup challenger *Crusader* to the New York Yacht Club arrested John Anthony Brown, a foundry worker, in Plymouth.

Monday, December 2

An attempt to limit government proposals to abolish Sunday trading laws was defeated by 56 votes in the House of Lords.

The South African Rugby Board withdrew an invitation to the British Lions rugby team to tour South Africa in 1986.

General Fabian Ver was reinstated as chief of the armed forces of the Philippines after being cleared of involvement in the assassination of opposition leader Benigno Aquino in 1983.

Yelena Bonner, wife of the dissident Soviet physicist Andrei Sakharov, arrived in Italy for medical treatment after 19 months of internal exile in the Soviet Union.

Philip Larkin, the poet, died aged 63.

Tuesday, December 3

A two-day EEC summit meeting ended with a package of proposed reforms to the Treaties of Rome, including the introduction of an agreed goal of economic and monetary union between member states, and policies on technology and the environment.

The Liberal Party won a general election in Quebec, returning to power after nine years of rule by the separatist Parti Québécois.

The report on the beating to death of four-year-old Jasmine Beckford by her stepfather in 1984 blamed health and social services and legal authorities for failing to act to protect the child. The two Brent Council social workers and a court officer responsible for the case were dismissed the following day.

Wednesday, December 4

An inquest into the death of Cynthia Jarrett, which had triggered the Tottenham riots in October, returned a verdict of accidental death.

Scotland qualified for soccer's 1986 World Cup finals by drawing with Australia 0-0 in Melbourne, having won the first match 2-0 on November 20 at Hampden Park, Glasgow.

Thursday, December 5

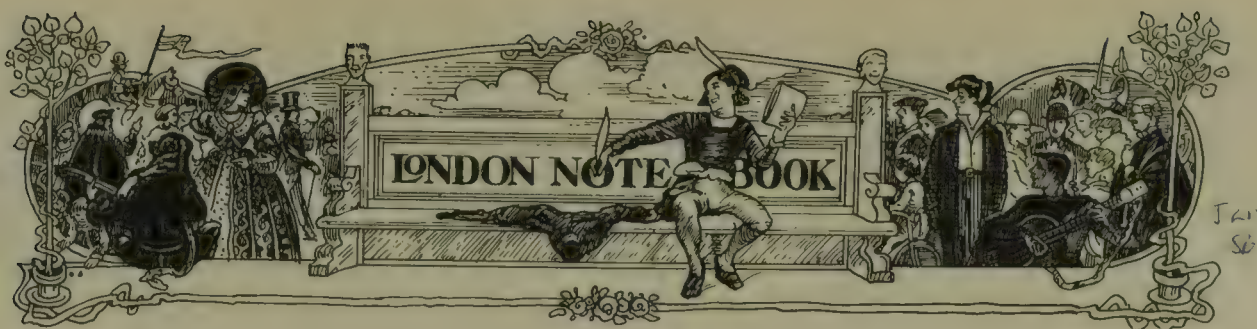
The British Government confirmed that it would withdraw from UNESCO at the end of December.

The US and the UK conducted a joint underground nuclear test in Nevada.

Labour won a by-election in the Tyne Bridge constituency with a majority of 13,517 over the Alliance (6,942), who beat the Conservative (2,588) into third place.

Adult unemployment in Britain fell by 8,100 to 3.165 million in November.

A bottle of 1787 Château Lafite wine bearing the initials of Thomas Jefferson, who became President of the US in 1801, was sold at Christie's for £105,000.



Isle of Dogs dilemma

BY JAMES BISHOP

The Isle of Dogs is the unlikely part of London to become the centre of an environmental row. Originally nothing but swamp, it sprang into life in the 19th century when the West India and Millwall docks were built, and fell into disuse when they were closed a few years ago.

No one knows for certain how the place, once called Stepney Marsh, got its present name. Some say it derived from the fact that Henry VIII kept his hunting dogs there. Others suggest, perhaps with equal justification, that it was simply a name of contempt. The best that can be said of it today is that it offers, from its waterfront, the finest view of the splendours of Greenwich on the other side of the river.

Unhappily the view is not enough to secure any sort of future for the Isle of Dogs. The best hope for the old dockland area on this north bank peninsula lies in the Local Government Act of 1980, which created it an Enterprise Zone providing all kinds of tax benefits and other inducements for development, including release from normal planning

controls and public inquiries. The London Docklands Development Corporation took advantage of this to do a deal with a consortium headed by First Boston Real Estate, Crédit Suisse and Morgan Stanley International for a 10 million square foot Canary Wharf office scheme which included three skyscrapers up to 850 feet high—some 250 feet higher than the NatWest tower.

The fast-track procedure provided by the enterprise zone system seems to have taken the conservationists by surprise. It was not until November that they began publicly to voice their concern. Representatives of the Blackheath, Greenwich, Victorian and other societies wrote to *The Times* about their fear that these immensely tall buildings could overpower the London skyline. They argued that they would dwarf the wonderful architecture of Wren, Vanbrugh, Hawksmoor and Inigo Jones, and that "the celebrated view northwards from the heights of Greenwich Park, a favourite of artists for the last 300 years, would, in our opinion, be irreparably damaged". They called for a public inquiry.

The request was turned down. The Secretary of State, Kenneth Baker, said that as most of the scheme was within the Isle of Dogs enterprise zone it would receive automatic planning permission, and there was no provision for him to intervene. He has been supported by

some of those who have been involved in planning inquiries in recent decades. One of them, Kenneth Bagnall QC, wrote to *The Times* to express his view that the lengthy public planning inquiry system was "probably the single largest cause of this country's economic decline in the post-war years". Faced with the prospect of a two- or three-year delay he feared that the American banks would give up and leave the UK to stew in its own juice.

We should not allow this to happen. The developers have pointed out that only retrospective legislation could force them to change their plans, and have suggested that if they are delayed by law they will seek compensation under the 1971 Town and Country Planning Act. This enables claims to be made from central funds up to the development value of the site, which in this case could be well over £100 million.

The prospect of such hefty sums, together with the obvious need for development in the Isle of Dogs, explains why official environmental bodies such as the Royal Fine Art Commission have been cautious in their reactions to the scheme. They were not consulted in the early planning stage, and when some of the details were made public confined themselves to welcoming the imaginative idea of developing the docklands as a major financial

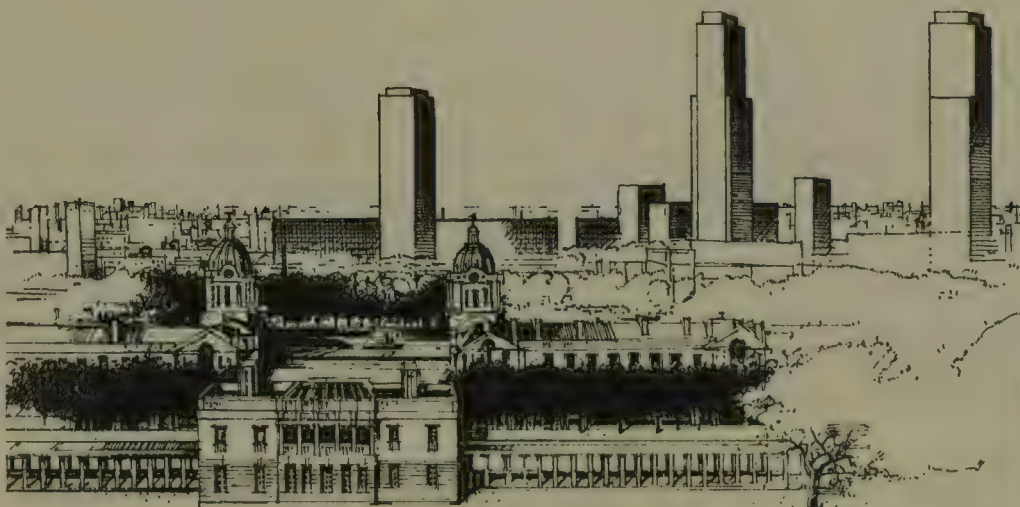
centre, to seeking clarification and to suggesting some modifications, including the repositioning of one tower to lessen dominance over the view from Greenwich Observatory.

It is a reasonable request that the developers may find acceptable. The computer-based technology that is responsible for the design of such modern banking complexes should be able to adjust the plans without significant delay, so that work on the site can begin next year—and this must be the essential requirement. There are no sensible alternative plans for developing the Isle of Dogs, and we cannot afford to lose this opportunity.

Underground cheer

Not for many years have I regarded a trip on the Underground as a treat, but London Regional Transport is certainly making the experience more enjoyable with the work being done on its stations. Of those I have seen so far, Charing Cross takes the accolade, both because of David Gentleman's fine mural on the dreaded Northern Line, of the construction of Edward I's Eleanor Cross and because of the bold and imaginative use, on the Bakerloo, of the works of Leonardo, Botticelli, Veronese and others from the National Gallery, and of portraits of Shakespeare, Nelson, Byron, Wren and other great Britons from the National Portrait Gallery. Elsewhere on the Underground can be found Paolozzi abstracts (at Tottenham Court Road), a snakes-and-ladders mural (Oxford Circus), hot-air balloons (Finsbury Park), Brunel (Paddington) and treasures from the British Museum (Holborn).

The restyling of about half the stations in the 240 mile Underground network is the most visible current sign of a modernization programme that the 12 million passengers who use it each week may feel was long overdue. It is sad that some of the new seating has already been removed, so that waiting passengers are having to perch on the steel supports, but perhaps the more cheerful environment under ground will ultimately discourage the wreckers, as it appears to have done the graffiti artists ○



Artist's impression of how the Canary Wharf project will look from Greenwich Observatory.

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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

The alternative Goldsmith



Teddy Goldsmith: most aid projects
destroy the environment.

The beautifully furnished salon of John Aspinall's gaming club in Curzon Street, W1, is a surprising place in which to listen to a denunciation of the evils of industrial society. But then Teddy Goldsmith, who pined to and fro producing a river of perfectly formed sentences, is the older brother of the entrepreneur Sir James Goldsmith and a close friend of John Aspinall. Sir James has a half share in the club, and Teddy stays there when in town from his home in Cornwall.

He and his brother have some similarities, Teddy said. "Our voices are identical, and we used to look very similar." Also they are both highly energetic and obsessive. But whereas Sir James's obsessions tend to be with the evils of the Press and of communist subversion, Teddy's are with the more cosmic issue of man's destruction of the environment. This cause has absorbed most of his time and private income for the past 15 years. "Our views have diverged radically, and we have moved into very different worlds. We are on excellent terms and have a great affection for each other. But in the interests of peace, we have agreed not to discuss certain issues when we meet."

"He believes in the industrial system, which I don't, in technology and material progress, a notion which I reject almost entirely," they both oppose state interference, but

the destructive role of development aid (as opposed to famine relief). He devoted a recent issue of *The Ecologist*, the "journal of the post-industrial age" which he founded in 1970, to a devastating attack on the World Bank, accusing it of financing impoverishment and famine across the globe. Crudely summarized, Goldsmith's argument is that aid benefits only the exporters of western equipment and materials, and corrupt politicians at the receiving end, who siphon off on average some 30 per cent of the funds. Aid projects themselves only destroy the environment and much else. Large dams, built of course with western equipment, displace millions of peasants each year. So do agricultural projects: small farmers are swept off to the slums to make way for cash crops needed for foreign exchange to pay back the loans. Rain forests are cut down to the same end. All in the name of development! Environment, social structure, cultural patterns are sacrificed, while the west offers in return little more than meretricious gadgets.

Large dams are currently his main target, and he has recently published the first volume of his three-part study (with Nicholas Hildyard), called *The Social and Environmental Effects of Large Dams*. Not only are huge populations displaced, he points out, but the attendant irrigation schemes result in wholesale

salination of the best land when seepage raises the water table, thus forcing salts to the surface. Not surprisingly, these convincing arguments for not spending money on the Third World have aroused keen interest at 10 Downing Street.

Goldsmith, who is stronger on diagnosis than remedies, is pessimistic. "If we want to be realistic, it may be too late," he said. "We have already delegated much of the task to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Serious climatic changes are inevitable, triggered by deforestation and pollution of the atmosphere. It's too late to prevent death by starvation of a quarter of the world's population. Measures taken to prevent famine are creating it, forcing people to sell food rather than eat it, and to adopt intensive farming methods on soil ill-suited to them. The world is being desertified. Famine is above all the result of environmental degradation." A huge programme is needed to replant native trees and to make the dried-up rivers flow again.

His own romantic-conservative and Utopian solution is a return to traditionalism in the west, and tribalism where suitable elsewhere. The traditionalist cultures work very well. It is hard to improve on them. And England? "We cannot re-invent the past. We have been marked indelibly with our industrial experience. We have to re-create a decentralized society which has much in common with that which existed before the Industrial Revolution. We must regenerate our social and ecological capital which has been destroyed by 150 years of industrialism." He admits he would fit none too happily into the sort of tribal society of our distant past which he has sometimes seemed to advocate. "But then, like Groucho Marx, who said he would not belong to a club that would have him as a member, I don't think any kind of society into which I would fit would be worth preserving."

He started with a keen schoolgirl interested in the theatre in her native Aberdeen. Despite being only 5 feet 2 inches tall, her deep voice landed her with all the male parts, and after playing Heracles with a false hairy chest, bear skin and club, she decided acting might not be for her. So she did a teaching diploma at the Central School of Speech and Drama at Swiss Cottage, subsequently teaching there for a year. Then she taught drama in two approved schools for girls, but found she got too emotionally involved in their problems; and at a comprehensive school in Tottenham, enjoyable but taxing, since some of the children were partially deaf.

Reverting to the staff of the Central School, she started doing some accent-coaching in the theatre. "I was always good at phonetics, which involves being able to transcribe dialect in the international phonetic alphabet, and I

gesture and all forms of body language. To get on a bus or tube or travel around the country is for her endlessly fascinating. And she reckons she can usually place anyone with a regional accent to within 10 miles. "It can get a bit boring at dinner parties when people say 'Guess where I come from', she admitted.

Why jaws open less in windy places

Joan Washington excels in the rare art of coaching actors of stage, screen and television in regional or foreign accents required by their roles. On theatre programmes she is billed as "dialect coach", on film credits as "dialogue coach", both slightly misleading; but then "accent coach" might look a bit odd, she pointed out when we met.

She is a smallish, attractive lady with lively green eyes, a deep voice and a sense of humour kept fuelled by her interest in voice, character,



Joan Washington: mistress of the regional and foreign accent.

have a good trained ear. The first job that really helped my career was *The Accrington Pals* by Peter Whelan at the RSC in the mid 70s: a North Lancashire accent, that was. Then I went freelance except for a bit of teaching at RADA, which I still do, and it evolved from there, with work at the National, Royal Shakespeare Company and the Royal Court.

One of her biggest shows was the National Theatre's *Gyps and Dolls* (American accents, naturally). Film work soon came along, and she did the American/Jewish accents for Barbara Streisand's *Yentl*, not bad going for a Scottish gentile, she reckoned. More recently she has been coaching the French actor Christopher Lambert in both an American and a Scottish accent for the film *The Highlander*, and coached the British contingent in Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth* at the Haymarket Theatre.

"With theatre work, I give a talk at an early rehearsal and play some tapes... then I sit in on rehearsals, watching what the director is doing and taking people away and working individually. Always in close co-operation with the director. With films there tends to be little or no re-

hearsal, so the accent has to be well established and confident before shooting starts. Sometimes I have an actor for three or four weeks on a daily basis beforehand." Lately she has worked with Robert Redford and Meryl Streep.

The resonance and physical tune of an accent are all-important, she says. Americans speak with a far lower tongue position than the English, and emphasise words by lengthening the vowel sounds rather than, like the British, changing the pitch. French and Italian have a repetitive tune: hence all the body language to emphasize a point. Weather and pollution have their influence on regional accents, she believes: in windy places like Norfolk and Cornwall they open their mouths less, and the tight jaws maintained in once heavily polluted cities lead to greater nasality.

She tapes and videos useful programmes like *Down Your Way*, and freshens up her knowledge and archives by travelling around six counties a year with a tape recorder, trying to pass as a local wherever she goes: great fun certainly, but when she is sitting in on a TV rehearsal in the morning, a film set in the afternoon, and a long stage rehearsal the evening, it feels remarkably like hard work. □

LONDON RENTALS



PIMLICO SW1. This spacious renovated house has been carefully maintained and furnished to a high standard. There are four double bedrooms, an elegant drawing room, large dining room (which is excellent for entertaining), a well equipped kitchen, two bathrooms (one ensuite), and a secluded roof terrace. Available now for a year or longer at £500 a week to a company tenant.



KENSINGTON W8. Available now, this recently renovated town house features large bright rooms on three floors, it has five bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, two bathrooms, cloakroom, garage and garden. Planned for an easy life style, it is to be let unfurnished with quality carpets and curtains throughout. Excellent value at £600 a week for a year or longer to a company tenant.



CHELSEA SW3. Freshly decorated, this attractive Victorian home is set in a peaceful crescent not far from the Kings Road. It has four double bedrooms, living room, dining room, study, kitchen, two bathrooms and a shower room. In addition there is a patio and roof terrace. Available now at £425 a week it is to be let with carpets, curtains and appliances. Company tenancy required.



HIGHGATE N6. Between the village and Kenwood is this superbly fitted maisonette, on the ground and garden floors of an elegant Victorian house. There are four double bedrooms, two fine reception rooms, served by a beautiful pine fitted kitchen/breakfast room, two bathrooms, shower room, study and a secluded rear garden. Available now for a year or longer at £485 a week.



HAMPSTEAD NW3. A garden level flat set in an imposing Victorian house that has been totally redesigned on the interior. It offers a large reception/dining room, well equipped kitchen/breakfast room, four bedrooms, and two bathrooms. Available in mid January at £400 a week, it has good quality carpets and curtains. A company tenancy is required.



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THE BOYS WHO HERD FISH



Our first sighting of the Filipino fishing vessel came after a night sailing south through the maze of reefs and shoals off the western coast of the island of Palawan. It was an incredible sight. Covering the deck and clinging to every possible perch along the rust-stained, listing superstructure were more than 500 men and children, mostly boys between seven and 15 years old. As we watched, the boat made a wide turn and the boys began jumping into the sea by the hundred. Our timing was perfect; they were about to start fishing using a technique which, we had heard, destroyed the coral reefs and dangerously exploited the children involved.

At one end of a reef about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile across and at a depth of 80 feet, a large bag net had been set. It was shaped like a cone and lay on the bottom, open end facing into the mild current. Tied to

either side of the cone were large panels, each about 150 feet long, to guide fish into the mouth of the bag net. At the other end of the reef the boat deposited the swimmers.

Each boy carried a "scare line", a 150-foot-long rope with a rock tied to one end, a buoy at the other, and white nylon flags tied every 2 feet. After organizing themselves into a huge semi-circle around the perimeter of the reef, the boys dropped the weighted end of their scare lines to the bottom. Then, shoulder to shoulder in their hundreds, they swam towards the bag net bouncing the rocks across the coral, driving before them all the fish living on the reef.

Under water the wall of advancing scare lines looked like an artificial white kelp forest marching across the bottom. In front of it the panicked reef fish rushed in all directions. Behind the advancing wall the reef was virtually empty. As the hundreds of rocks struck the delicate »→

TEXT AND PICTURES BY HOWARD HALL



Most of the divers are boys between seven and 15 years old. They spend up to 10 months at a time on board the boats, although Filipino law prohibits the employment of children for extended periods away from home. The boys dive wearing the clothes they live in and goggles made from hard wood, plate glass and a rubber band

After diving without fins 80 feet below the surface this diver has to work without an aqualung to untie the side panels and free the bag net from the coral after the fish have been driven in. Sharks are an added hazard, and fatalities occur

Overleaf: hundreds of pairs of legs struggle against the water as the swimmers carrying scare lines advance over the coral driving the fish into the net



→ coral they produced a muted song like distant wind chimes which grew louder as the scare lines converged upon the bag net. Soon I could see the entire circle of scare lines and the silhouettes of the hundreds of swimmers above.

Once the fish have been driven deep into the bag net, it must be pulled up very quickly before they turn and rush out through the scare lines. Before it can be lifted, the side panels must be untied and the bag net disentangled from the coral on the reef. This is done by boys swimming down to more than 80 feet while holding their breath.

Suddenly schools of hysterical fish were racing past the mouth of the cone deep into the net.

Then from 80 feet above two tiny figures began to swim downwards. It took 40 seconds for one of them to reach the bottom in front of me. He pulled himself across the coral to where the side panel was tied to the bag net with two heavy ropes. All round his body the heavy rocks of the scare lines moved up and down. At this depth he had neither time nor energy to heed them.

The diver grabbed one of the ropes and pulled, but it failed to come free. So he hauled himself up to place his feet on the rope and pulled again with great effort. It came free, and he moved to the second rope and repeated the process. I could not believe how long he was down there and how much effort he expended, and expected him →





Smiling, happy, healthy faces on board. Stories of disease and vitamin deficiency are belied by the appearance of the boys. Their bodies are strong and they are quick to laugh; they are certainly better off than Manila's poor

➤ to be struck unconscious at any moment by the falling rocks.

I checked my depth gauge: it read 83 feet. To dive without the use of fins and then work so hard at such a depth was an astonishing feat. After freeing the second rope, the diver used slow and energy-efficient arm strokes to bring him to the surface.

A dozen more divers began their descent. At the bottom they formed a line in front of the bag net and began lifting it off the coral as the fishermen far above pulled. As the front of the net came up, the divers swam beneath it freeing the net where the mesh had snared the hard coral. After the last snare had been freed, most of the divers began swimming across the bottom to get clear of the net before beginning their ascent. Some seemed too far underneath it to get out with enough breath to survive the ascent. Incredibly, these children repeat this entire performance up

to 10 times a day for months on end.

Suddenly two very large sharks appeared near the ascending divers, made a few high-speed passes near the net, then left for deeper water beyond the reef. I looked up at the swimmers' silhouettes and remembered a scene from *Jaws*.

Later, aboard the *Don Antonio*, I watched the fishermen load the contents of the net into metal tubs, each of which held about 100lb of fish. This drive had been very successful. It resulted in 40 full tubs containing an amazing variety of reef fish. Nothing was wasted. The fishermen kept everything from baby sharks to the smallest butterfly fish. The fish were later sorted and placed into tubs of specific species and sizes. The most valuable species would be iced down in the holds, the rest dried in the sun. Occasionally a young boy would grab a writhing fish from the net and eat it alive.

We were horrified when we first saw the con-

gestion, poor sanitation, spartan living conditions and astonishing work hazards of these fishermen. It seemed to be an industry that employed slave labour, exploited and casually endangered young children and destroyed coral reefs. But after following the fishing boats for several days, we began to realize how simplistic and influenced by our Western values our first impressions were.

After witnessing the drives under water we found little evidence of severe damage to the reef: little more than is caused by the dive fins of a boat-load of divers for sport. The average swimmer makes about \$350 for his year of service, a pathetic sum by Western standards but an average wage in the Philippines. As they have little opportunity to spend it at sea, these fishermen are much better off than tens of thousands of Manila's urban poor and they seemed happy and healthy. Perhaps their way of life is no meaner than that of many others in this part of the world ○



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ORIENT-EXPRESS

CHASING THE BIG SPENDERS

BY MARGARET DRUMMOND

For London's famous stores it has been a dramatic period of closures and takeovers. While the shake-out continues at the lower end, the great institutions are riding a wave of tourist and local spending.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROD SHONE

It may have shocked Dickens & Jones's older customers when, earlier this year, the long-established Regent Street store threw aside its genteel rose emblem in favour of naked ladies. Summoned to create a new image for the department store, the ubiquitous advertising agency Saatchi & Saatchi decided to splash the back view of a naked model, adorned only by designer labels, across several pages of *Vogue* and other fashion glossies. "We had to find a way of reminding people we were here," the store's director and general manager Paul Taylor said.

His logic was impeccable. In the last few years London's celebrated department stores, for long the Mecca of a day's shopping trip to the capital, have been disappearing. Bourne & Hollingsworth, Whiteley's, Derry & Toms, Swan & Edgar have all closed. Even those who skip the business pages on the way to the racing results must have been aware of this summer's fierce fight for the Debenhams group, which owns Harvey Nichols in Knightsbridge as well as the Oxford Street Debenhams and over 60 others up and down the country.

Debenhams' new owners, the Burton Group, plan to turn many of the stores into galleries, or shopping malls, on the American model. Since joining forces with Burton to revamp Debenhams, Sir Terence Conran, chairman of the Habitat 67 venture group, has announced a \$1.5 billion agreed merger with British Home Stores, the chain sometimes described as the poor man's Marks & Spencer. Just as the big department stores suffered in the 1970s, multiple chains like M&S and H&M have been feeling the draught in the 1980s. The ground to specialist chains like Conran's Next as status-

conscious shoppers gained a taste for something a little more exciting. Meanwhile Harrods, the holy of department store holies, passed into the hands of the Egyptian Al Fayed family, who acquired the famous emporium under the nose of Tiny Rowland, even though he had stalked the store and its parent House of Fraser for several years.

Yet despite the closures and the takeovers, these famous London landmarks with their palatial architecture that defies modernization (or makes it prohibitively expensive) seem to be flourishing. Written off three years ago, they seem to be on the crest of a wave. The strength of the dollar attracted record numbers of US tourists to London. Harrods itself must feature among the capital's top 10 tourist attractions. Tourist patronage and a consumer boom at home have made the cash tills ring merrily. It has helped that inflation is down: with their large open spaces and heavy staff ratios, department stores were half-killed by rising costs at the turn of the decade.

Talk to any of their managers and they will emphasize the importance of projecting "the right image." It is a combination of ambience and merchandise, of knowing what you should be selling and to whom. Failure to identify the image and the market helped bring about the demise of several old landmarks.

Michael Ellis-Jones, managing director of Harvey Nichols in Knightsbridge, knows precisely whom he is aiming at: "very fashion-conscious customers who have access to wealth—big spenders," he says unapologetically. It is a formula that seems to have worked.

Up through perfumes and cosmetics to the fashion floors above, Harvey Nichols reeks of chic. It has



Staff representing Harrods' main departments and services assembled in the Georgian Restaurant with managing director Frank Drewitt seated right and Food Halls sales manager Anthony Guyatt seated left. Seated centre, Lorraine Cook, florist; standing behind, from left to right, front row: Stephanie Bird, fashion alterations; Mr Anderson, Meat Hall; Mr Patel, Groceries; Tony Milner, Wine; Noreen O'Boyle, waitress, Georgian Restaurant; Mr Peterson, Bakery; Sally Johnson, Pets; Maureen Stubbins, Perfumery; David Smithlee, Gardening. Back row: James Diplock, Security; Mr Mendes, cleaner; Alison Ivory, Musical Instruments; David Spooner, Fruit and Vegetables; Pat Joel, Hairdressing; Chris Sullivan, porter; Miss Kerr, Toys; Brendan Byrne, van delivery driver; Mark Collins, a chef at Georgian Restaurant; Neil Smith, Carpets; Desmond Williamson, electrician; and Dave Smith, doorman or "Green Man".

sell, or procure, for its customers absolutely anything. Its magnificent food hall, restored with its original tiles last year, refutes the theory that it has become a playground for rich overseas visitors. "You don't usually find overseas visitors buying this sort of thing," says managing director Frank Drewitt, gesturing towards a fine selection of game and fish. "We always try to remember that we are the corner shop for Knightsbridge residents."

Harrods is special. Even complaints about declining standards of service cannot tarnish the glamour of either its name or its profits. Because it is part of the House of Fraser, no separate sales and profit figures are officially available. But city analysts reckon that Harrods alone made about half last year's House of Fraser profits of £48 million and will make half this year's expected £60 million total as well.

Although the Al Fayed brothers took over the whole of the House of Fraser, it is clear that, like Rowland, they really wanted to control Harrods. Frank Drewitt points to the experience of the Ritz in Paris, also taken over by the Al Fayed. They lavished a lot of money on it in order to make it the best and then started using the name. I think this is the idea for Harrods. The Al Fayed intend to protect the name of Harrods and to develop it carefully on a range of good products.

Having spent years fighting off the Mr Rowland's Loro group, the store is now feeling a benevolent but firm kind of proprietorial pressure, with great concern about staff standards and considerable investment in improving staff facilities. There had been some customer dissatisfaction. Mr Drewitt admits, in departments that found themselves handling three times their usual turnover.

Unlike its near neighbour Harvey Nichols, Harrods has all the

established itself as the most stylish store in London, yet five years ago when Michael Ellis-Jones arrived, it was losing money to a point where Debenhams, the parent company, was going to close it down. Now its 125,000 square feet constitute one of the most desirable retail propositions in London. Sales are around £30 million a year, with profits estimated at about £3 million. As part of the Debenhams group it is now controlled by Burton, whose style of retailing (Peter Robinson, Top Shop, Dorothy Perkins) is somewhat different.

The Al Fayed, with Harrods along the road safely under their

belts, would, it is believed, dearly love to own it, so would Sears (which owns Selfridges), and so would Mr Ellis-Jones himself, though he will not confirm rumours that he is seeking backing for his own management buy-out.

Whatever happens to it, any new owners are unlikely to want to tamper with such a goldmine.

"We are and we aren't a department store," says Michael Ellis-Jones. "We aim to have a fashion attitude. We don't try and do everything. Most department stores sell electricals. We don't. We don't have basic household items. We specialize in accessories

for the designed home. We have some furniture, but it's secondary to selling what goes on top of it. We don't try and compete with Harrods down the road by selling things like Royal Doulton or Wedgwood. We sell different, unusual things, for the sort of customer who wants to make a statement with their tableware."

Walking around HN peering at place settings costing \$180 each, it seems to be designed for wealthy overseas visitors; but according to Michael Ellis-Jones, only about 16 per cent of sales go to them. "One of the problems department stores had

at the end of the 70s was adjusting to the sudden disappearance of overseas shoppers. We have tried to build up a strong home base, to appeal to local custom."

HN reckons it draws nearly half its trade from a 3 mile radius of Knightsbridge: he knows this because he has managed to increase the number of account customers from 5,000 to 50,000. "We treat them as an elite. They qualify for a preview the day before a sale and 10 per cent off the cost of the merchandise." No one is saying what percentage of the turnover is done on these occasions.

HN has recently opened a fashion

department, Zone, in its basement to catch a younger, less wealthy clientele. "It's really like the 60s—there is tremendous fashion and style awareness in London these days."

The few hundred yards between Harvey Nichols and Harrods down the road must be among the most expensive strips of pavement in the world. Thanks to Harrods, London's most famous store, the area is a magnet for overseas visitors. Harrods itself is huge—the management talk about acres, not square feet (floor space amounts to 14½ acres, 3 of them devoted to furniture alone). It is Harrods' proud boast that it can

→ traditional merchandise beloved by the tourist: the Shetlands, the Burberrys, the classic crystal and china collections. Frank Drewitt estimates the tourist trade accounts for between 35 and 40 per cent of sales. To keep abreast of the growing fashion-consciousness of the domestic customer, £3 million has been spent on the top-floor Way In fashion department, which had hardly been touched since it opened in the late 60s.

Harrods' other fashion floors have also been changing in response to the remarkable upsurge of British interest in fashion. The tourists also buy clothes, not least because middle-market collections like Mondri and Escada are half New York's prices here. It is, however, the domestic market, and the encroachment of chains like Next and Principles, that has made Harrods rethink its presentation of clothes. It is opening a new young designers' room, with collections by names like Jasper Goutan and Betty Jackson. The overall space devoted to different types of garments—skirts, knitwear, blouses and so on—has been contracted. Instead there are increasing numbers of "collections", enabling the customer to buy a coordinated outfit.

Downstairs Harrods is opening a new fragrance hall, with a striking black interior: perfumery, cosmetics and jewelry, essentially impulse buys, are very profitable. That is why on entering most department stores the customer encounters a dozen or so gleaming counters manned by formidably coiffed and elaborately made-up sales assistants. The men's shop is usually on the same level not because it is terribly profitable but because men are harder to lure upstairs.

Within walking distance of Harrods, at the corner of the King's Road and Sloane Street, Peter Jones takes an unusual approach. Walk in the main entrance and there is the china and glassware department. Beyond are the furnishing fabrics. Cosmetics and perfumery are upstairs. Devised as the "quartermaster's store" for the Sloane Rangers in Peter Jones's handbook, Peter Jones has maintained its individual style. With sales of around £50 million a year, it is the second largest store in the John Lewis Partnership, surpassed only by the King's Road store. Perhaps its best known feature is its wedding list service, one of the last of its kind in London. About 2,000 couples a year use it.

A third of Peter Jones's turnover comes from home furnishings and furniture. Chelsea is a residential area with a lively property market, and Peter Jones started life as a draper's shop. "People come here because we have a big range of curtain material, for instance," says manager David Young said. "That side of business has been booming.

There's a big underlying trend towards more fashion in the home. People are prepared to change their colour schemes more frequently nowadays." Next in importance is the china and glass, with fashion third. "The art of shopkeeping," David Young believes, "is having a wide assortment but being careful of having too shallow a range."

The flavour of the John Lewis Partnership is paternalistic. Peter Jones has only just started Saturday afternoon trading, and is implacably opposed to Sunday opening. The store has developed to serve its neighbourhood, David Young says, and tourist trade is "the icing on the cake"—most goes to Harrods. Not everything comes through the central John Lewis buying system: some of the more expensive fashions, for instance, or unusual pottery or glassware, are found only in Peter Jones. "The bedrock of our business is service," says David Young. "People come to a department store because they know that if an item is faulty or needs repairing we can organize that for them. You may not get this level of service in a specialist multiple retailer."

Other stores have found that trying to supply everything for customers is a mistake. Dickens & Jones in Regent Street, for example, is closing down its china and glass departments, having already disposed of such merchandise as radios and television sets.

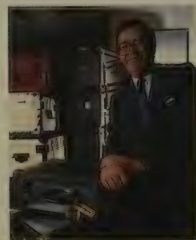
When director and general manager Paul Taylor took over two years ago he commissioned research to analyse each product area. "I discovered that we had a nice, slightly old-fashioned image. The research basically showed that we were too small to compete properly with Selfridges in selling things like electricals. What we did have a reputation for was fashion. In the early 1900s Dickens & Jones in London was the place for fashion. But in the last 10 years there had been a rush to diversify. We decided to try and make the store famous for its fashion again. By the end of next year the whole store will be doing fashion, from top to bottom."

Originally the store had what Paul Taylor diplomatically refers to as "rather senior middle-class ladies" as its main customers. Now the average age is around 35—and if Saatchi & Saatchi's image-forming works the trick that should come down to 25. Paul Taylor reckons that overseas visitors account for 10 to 15 per cent of trade. He is aiming at the fast-growing market for fashion wear and accessories, the sort of customers who are lured by Next and Primark, which have branches near by in Regent Street. Rather as the grouping together of Peter Jones, Harvey Nichols and Harrods and all the Sloane Street boutiques creates a good shopping environment, so proximity to the competition in



Regent Street is, Paul Taylor thinks, a bonus. "Regent Street is becoming a very fashion-conscious shopping area."

He is quadrupling the size of his men's wear department (60 per cent of the men's wear is bought by women), largely because Regent Street, with 51 separate men's wear retail units, is the spot in London for



Tim Daniels, Selfridges' merchandise manager, in the luggage department, reputedly the biggest in the country.

men to shop. There have been some objections from old customers, he says, but many more complimentary letters about the store's changes.

Dickens & Jones is another House of Fraser store, with two out-of-town offshoots. As its windows now proclaim, it is "a Harrods store". It shares some central buying with Harrods but it does not have the own-brand Alexander merchandise of other Fraser stores such as D. H. Evans in Oxford Street. The interior has undergone some renovation, and on the fashion floors there is now a big selection of branded clothes organized by design label. The knitwear department has shrunk as more and more merchandise is co-ordinated into fashionable "looks". "We are aiming to be a complete fashion store, just under the level of Harvey Nichols and Harrods," says Paul Taylor.

One of Dickens & Jones's neighbours, Liberty, is perhaps the most distinctive store in London, its selling area of 100,000 square feet still decidedly cosy in its mock Tudor frame. Thanks in part perhaps to its oak-panelled atmosphere and its rabbit-warren of staircases, Liberty

has an unusually high proportion of male customers. There is no nicer shop to get lost in—as even employees do. The floor levels do not match on either side of the bridge that joins the two sections. Overseas tourists find it quaint, and this most English of London department stores is reckoned to owe half its turnover to tourists: this, a higher percentage than Harrods, has transformed Liberty's financial performance over the past couple of years.

The company also has extensive wholesaling and fabric interests (the famous Liberty prints) and has started to open a chain of smaller outlets round the country, selling the Liberty style.

The group, according to its accounts, barely broke even in 1981. Last year it made pre-tax profits of £2.6 million—up by half on the year before. As its merchandise manager Richard Stewart Liberty explained: "There has been a discernible change at Liberty. Despite the name, it has changed from being a family business. It now has the ambition for growth and success demanded of independent companies." A non-family director, David Pike, suc-

ceeded Richard's father, Arthur Stewart Liberty, as chairman in 1982, and the company decided to capitalize on its image. Recently it launched a new range of wallpaper to match the traditional Liberty fabric designs. "Stores like Next down the road have a lot to teach us about presentation," Richard Stewart Liberty admitted.

Liberty's famous designs date back to craftsmen and designers like William Morris, yet the style is enormously successful and influential today. According to employees you can sell virtually anything if it is covered in a Liberty print as they discovered when the store decorated one of its window displays with fabric frogs. They were not supposed to be on sale, but demand was heavy. Roughly a third of Liberty's total sales is linked to the famous prints. "People are attracted to a standard of design and we must capitalize on that," says Richard Stewart Liberty.

Recently the basement area devoted to oriental carpets was given over to china and porcelain. "We discovered we could create more activity into our space. It made it more exciting for the shopper."

Left, Michael Ellis-Jones, managing director of Harvey Nichols, next to a salesgirl modelling a coat in Zone, the store's new fashion department. Above, Paul Taylor, director of Dickens & Jones, displays the daring advertisement which put the store on the fashion map.

Liberty's oriental department (Liberty directors go on a six-week shopping trip to China each year) dates back to the mid 19th century and the Oriental Warehouse. There is ethnic jewelry, an old-fashioned bookshop. On the fashion floors the emphasis is on young designer clothes—Paul Costelloe, BodyMap, Jasper Conran. In the antique furniture area the specialty is Art Nouveau and new, Liberty-commissioned Arts and Crafts furniture (not reproductions). Richard Stewart Liberty says Liberty "is an aspirational store."

Size and location are of great importance for any London department store. Selfridges' merchandise manager Tim Daniels says, "The traffic flow here is enormous—about a quarter of a million people a week come here." Unfavourably the proximity to Marks & Spencer's Marble Arch branch helps create the passing trade. Selfridges is big—440,000 square feet—and appears to sell everything. So what is the difference between Selfridges and Harrods?

Harrods is the Top People's store," says Tim Daniels. "Selfridges is the people's Top Store." He reckons that customers do still come up for the day, and that tourists, who support what he refers to as "a massive cashmere knitwear business", account for just 20 per cent of sales. Selfridges has a bazaar-like atmosphere down in the basement among the refrigerators and washing machines a saleslady stands on an iron, as in a street

market. Here, too, is the biggest and best selection of luggage in the country.

The black and white marble fragrance and cosmetics hall on the ground floor is equally busy. "It makes the place look glamorous," Tim Daniels said. "It's also very profitable. We have probably got the single biggest cosmetics and perfume business in the country." Whereas stores like Liberty and Harrods are far busier in the pre-Christmas months than usually, Selfridges sell virtually the same amount of lingerie and perfume in August as they do in December.

Reflecting the general trend, Selfridges has moved upmarket, particularly in fashion. Its great strength is its variety of merchandise. "It's definitely sure of itself," says Tim Daniels. He believes the personal service element in well managed department stores is more and more appreciated as multiples, with their cash and wrap check-points, dominate the High Street. It is a bit like show business: hence the promotional weeks in which customers can play around with free cosmetics or perfumes, look at an art exhibition, take tea, have their hair done.

And then there is Christmas. "It's an enormous draw for the domestic customer," Tim Daniels says. "Ours is the only store in London that has a grotto for Santa Claus. We spend about £100,000 on our Christmas effort each year. Traditionally we have no merchandise in the windows at all at Christmas, which is unique. We just decorate them with our Christmas theme." Last year's theme was fairy tales. It is that element of fantasy and wish fulfillment which differentiates these great London institutions from the chain stores, however successful these may be. □



THE MAKING OF A MEDICINE

Sir John Vane explains how a scientist's idea is developed into a drug, processed after rigorous safety tests and experimentation.

of muscles isolated from the airways. Only six years ago the chemical structure of SRS-A was discovered. It was found to be a mixture of substances that were renamed the "leukotrienes". What is more, the route of their enzymic manufacture in the body was elucidated.

Suddenly, then, the medicinal chemist had a new hypothesis to work on. He could look for synthetic chemicals that would stop the enzymes from making leukotrienes, and he could also look for chemicals that prevented the actions of the leukotrienes on the airways. Such antagonists are usually based on the chemical structure of the hormone itself, so the discovery of the structure was highly important. Today, many compounds are being developed to test the hypothesis that SRS-

The discovery of a new type of drug activity depends upon testing a hypothesis.

A or leukotrienes are important in causing asthmatic attacks and if the enzyme inhibitors or leukotriene antagonists work in man, an important medical breakthrough will have been achieved.

Thus the discovery of a new type of drug activity depends upon testing a hypothesis. For some hypotheses it is relatively simple to design a test, for mammals and man have similar organs, hormones, mediators of inflammation and nervous systems.

However, more and more, whenever possible, enzyme screens or experiments in test tubes or on living cells or tissues in culture are being used to test the hypothesis. In the discovery process, for they yield consistent and accurate results and are economic in that they can test

large numbers of new compounds in a relatively short time.

Once a test had been devised, validated as well as possible and the desired activity has been detected in a new substance, the synthetic chemist prepares a series of analogues or close chemical relatives to maximize the activity. This may increase the potency of the potential drug hundreds if not thousands of times, thereby selecting for the activity required and hopefully reducing other unwanted pharmacological effects. Nowadays, the powerful tool of computer graphics is increasingly used to help the chemist design new molecules to fit to the site on which the drug acts—known as the "receptor". As this technique develops, it will surely reduce the number of chemicals that need to be made and tested to achieve the optimum effect, thereby also reducing the number of animal experiments needed.

In the search for the new drugs we seek many different interventions—vasodilators for vascular diseases, bronchodilators for asthma, antisecretory drugs for stomach and duodenal ulcers, anti-hypertensives for high blood pressure and so on, but a compound which has all these activities does not make a useful drug. We must have selectivity. For confirmation of selectivity many tests are required to show that the drug does not have an undesirable effect on other organs. Detection of central nervous activity is particularly important and the complexity of the whole animal is essential for this sorting out process.

At the end of this secondary evaluation, the pharmacologist will know the profile of activity of the new compound on all parts of the body and will then decide if the compound should go forward.

It is also necessary to know where the drug is absorbed orally and how long it lasts in the body. Should it eventually be taken once, twice or three times a day? At the

same time we need to know how the body affects the drug, to make sure that toxic or active metabolites are not formed. Some ancillary knowledge can be obtained by isolating enzymes from dead animals or dead people to find out if they produce modifications to the compound under study. Nevertheless, full animal experiments are necessary in order to see what happens to systems which may be quite distinct from those under study. Many different techniques are used, often relying upon highly sophisticated analytical apparatus to detect very small changes in blood concentration of the drug or its metabolites. For each new drug a new set of methods of detection has to be devised.

The first time that a research chemist makes a potential new drug, he may produce less than a teaspoonful (and that might take him six months). Then, as more of the compound is needed for the secondary evaluation and safety tests, a pound or more may be required. Eventually, if the drug is marketed, the synthesis needs to be scaled up to tonnage quantities. A special group of chemists, skilled in this scale-up process, will be constantly working to provide the best and most economical route of chemical synthesis, often quite different from the one originally used by the research chemist.

At the same time a separate team skilled in pharmaceutical development will be studying the best way of making the pure new drug into a suitable presentation such as a tablet or a capsule, to be taken by mouth. How does it disperse in the stomach? Do we need to slow down the absorption into the body, to give a more prolonged effect? Is it going to be injected and, if so, how do we make a solution which is innocuous and does not cause irritation?

There is also a requirement to show that the preparation is stable under all conditions it might meet. Special environmental chambers are used and the preparation needs to keep its potency for a "shelf-life" of at least two years.

The safety of drugs is a prime concern and remains under public scrutiny after unexpected tragedies such as thalidomide and more recently Opren or benoxaprofen. When unexpected toxicity occurs in man, there is a strong and vigorous response from government and from industry to prevent it happening

again. New standards are quite rightly devised, always depending on animal tests.

Of course there is a debate between governments and industry with respect to the magnitude of these safety tests. Some, including myself, would say that groups of animals dosed for six months on a daily basis will give you as much practical information as dosing the same groups for two or three years. Safety tests, as part of the process of drug discovery, have filtered out many hundreds of toxic compounds before they have ever reached man.

All the tests so far described are used to predict the safety and efficacy of the potential new drug in man. When the clinicians concerned are satisfied with these predictions, the new compound is given carefully and under very strictly controlled conditions to volunteers, starting with an almost homeopathic amount and working upwards (if still safe) to a dose which gives the expected therapeutic concentration in the blood stream. It is in these trials that the predictability of the animal experimentation begins to be rigorously tested.

As with all experiments, those in man sometimes give unexpected results. The life of the drug in the

Drug discovery and development is an expensive, exhaustive and exhausting process.

body of man may be different from that in the body of animals. The absorption characteristics may be different. Some further potential drugs are eliminated because of problems in this phase but others come through and then enter rigorous "double blind" clinical trials in order to test the efficacy of the substance. This testing can take up to years but eventually, if the researchers, developers and clinicians are all satisfied with the results, a bulky dossier is composed and submitted to the regulatory authorities. Scrutiny of this dossier may take a further three years before the government concerned is satisfied with the results.

Drug discovery and development is an expensive, exhaustive and

exhausting process. No wonder even large drug companies produce a new drug only every few years. The scale of the sorting-out process is such that for every successful drug, more than 5,000 compounds are rejected. This may change with the increased application of computer graphic techniques to drug design, but it is salutary to consider that many research chemists spend 30 to 40 years searching for a new drug without success.

Finally, is all that animal experimentation really needed? Let me try to put it in perspective, remembering that more than 90 per cent of the animals used in the drug industry are rodents such as rats and mice.

The discovery and development of a new anti-bacterial drug 20 years ago probably cost the lives of some 7,000 animals. That same drug has been used to save the lives of millions of patients around the world. And then we need new drugs which will be effective in diseases such as multiple sclerosis, diabetes, arthritis, malaria, cancer and AIDS.

Life of any sort is a terrible struggle for survival. Bacteria, viruses and parasites modify their make-up to survive, by evolving strong resistance to man's killer-drugs. Mosquitoes and other vectors of disease do the same. Wild animals do not have the benefit of modern drug or vaccine treatment and continue to be scourged by disease, as they eat each other to survive. Animals domesticated by man, have a healthier life, sharing with man the medical benefits caused by modern drugs.

The relationship between man and his domestic (and experimental) animals is a symbiotic one, but there should never be a question of which comes first. This is highlighted with crystal clarity by the recent transplant of a baboon heart to a dying baby. Put out of your minds the side issues and distractions and make the simple but realistic assumption that this could herald an era in which animal tissues can be implanted as a means of saving infants' lives. If it does, then I believe that most people would not side with the baboon (or pig or whatever), if that meant denying their own baby the chance to grow into a thinking, learning and reasoning adult able to accumulate experience by spoken, written or printed word, able to ask moral questions and feel moral obligations and, as a consequence, able to contribute to the further development of human society.

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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS THE PROFOUND PRIG

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The first President of the Royal Academy was fallible both as artist and man. Yet he had some real strengths, as the RA's major new survey of his work reveals.

The most recent exhibition devoted to Sir Joshua Reynolds in England, before the one at the Royal Academy from January 16 until March 31, was held in Plymouth in 1973; the most recent biography of which I know is Derek Hudson's, published in 1958; the latest attempt at a *catalogue raisonné* was published in 1941. Though Reynolds still ranks as one of the big names in British art, clearly he has fared badly if we compare him to Gainsborough, Turner, Constable or Stubbs. The present show, appropriately housed in the institution which owes so much to him, may do something to put this right. Yet there are still a number of obstacles to be overcome. One is the nature of Reynolds's success in his own lifetime. Derek Hudson gives a fair summary: "His whole life is a testimony to successful ambition, a ceaseless struggle for self-improvement. Art alone could not satisfy him; he must succeed in literature and in society. Thus he contrived, with infinite pains, to shape a flowing prose, and mould a social character of calm dignity and poise."

Others, using the same evidence, have judged Reynolds more harshly, seeing him as pompous, a social climber and prig. It is perhaps kinder to say that Reynolds, though he clearly knew as much unhappiness as most men, does not fit the modern pattern of the artist as outsider.

But perhaps more disconcerting than Reynolds's character is the nature of his art. For one thing, what we see today is seldom what the painter intended. In an essay on Reynolds's technique, printed as an appendix to Hudson's book, the famous restorer Horace Buttery wrote: "Reynolds was the most experimental painter of the 18th-century portraitists...Owing to the use of fugitive colours and faulty mediums, in the majority of cases, these effects were short-lived. It is impossible for us today to assess what his portraits looked like when they left his easel." In a nutshell, most of the early works are badly faded, and the later ones are darkened and cracked because of his use of bitumen. Reynolds lived in an age which



gave him the worst of both worlds. The artists of his generation, especially in England, had lost their grip on the technical tradition of the old masters; they improvised their effects as best they could. But pernicious old customs still persisted, such as the use of drapery-painters and other studio assistants.

There are other charges which can be levelled against Reynolds's art. Though he presented himself to the public as a supreme professional, in many respects he was amateurish. He had little grasp of perspective—it does not do to examine his chair-arms and skirting-boards too closely; they wobble all over the place. He was not secure as a figure draughtsman—in particular, he often botches

hands, and sometimes even covers up a failure with a bit of unnecessary drapery. Though he went to Italy, as Gainsborough never did, what seems to have mattered to him there was the opportunity to soak up the culture of the previous centuries, and perhaps to improve his acquaintance with those who might become his patrons. He stood aside from contemporary Italian artists, and rejected an opportunity to study with Pompeo Batoni, from whom he might have learnt a great deal technically. Most of Batoni's paintings are today in far better shape than any of Reynolds's, and better drawn too.

Despite all these disadvantages, Reynolds survives artistically; he is more than just a historical figure.

What rescues him is his eye for character, his feeling for social nuance, and perhaps most of all a special gift for imaginative sympathy. He saw people as they were, but also as they would like to be. It was said of him in his own time that he had a special gift for taking people who were essentially stupid and boring, producing a wholly recognizable likeness, and yet giving them an impression of inner vivacity. This was more subtly flattering than the cosmetic arts then expected of successful portrait painters, though Reynolds practised these too, especially in his likenesses of women. His gift of flattery reached much further than this. Reynolds painted the whole of English society—if the Court disliked his work, he numbered nearly all the members of the great Whig oligarchy among his patrons.

He painted husbands, wives, daughters—and not infrequently, mistresses. Some of his best-known female portraits were of professional courtesans. Part of their charm is an air of reticence and good breeding which somehow does not exclude sex appeal. The painter suggests that these ladies were good company without branding them as common. In all his numerous portraits of Emma Hamilton, George Romney never quite managed this—you can see the blowiness to come. Lawrence, a far more glittering technician, makes even aristocratic dames look slightly brassy.

Under all Reynolds's juggling with truths and half-truths there is something profound. He understood the society he lived in; he understood its aspirations because he shared them, and he was able to convey that understanding. Despite his use of stock poses he is a remarkably various artist, very good at coming up with the kind of formulation which exactly suits the sitter and the occasion. He loved the theatre and was particularly good at painting actors. *Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse* is one of the great images of English art: it borrows from Italian 17th-century painting to produce a work which knocks spots off the silly allegories painted by Frenchmen such as Mignard. Equally good, ➤



The Marlborough Family (detail, opposite), c 1777, oil on canvas, hangs at Blenheim Palace, Oxfordshire. It was the most ambitious of Reynolds's many portrait commissions. Above, *Mrs Abington as "Miss Prue"*, c 1771, oil on canvas; Paul Mellon Collection, Yale Centre for British Art. The comic actress played the part from Congreve's *Love for Love* in 1769 and 1770.

»→in a totally different vein, is *Mrs Abington as "Miss Prue"*. The actress leans on a chair-rail, about to suck her thumb. Portraits of this kind result from a closer collaboration than usual between the sitter and the artist: Reynolds freezes the moment when the performance is at its most intense, and transports it into a different sphere, where the role and the true likeness are inextricably intertwined.

His portraits of literary figures, such as Samuel Johnson, whom he knew well, succeed in a different and perhaps more startling way. These images are the ones we carry with us in our minds, when we think of a particular literary talent and its fulfilment; they seem to tell the naked truth.

The majority of his patrons, however, did not care for truths of this kind, though they did want the image Reynolds made of them to be highly recognizable to their friends. He elaborated a kind of stately masquerade, and invited the aristocracy to take part in it. Sometimes he shows them in ceremonial garments, like the peers' robes which emphasized their social position. The English aristocracy, with their great country houses to furnish, commissioned full-length portraits of a kind which on the Continent were usually reserved for monarchs. Reynolds understood that these could not be very animated. He once remarked that the very purpose of ceremonial dress was to impede rapid or improvised movement. Far more often, however, Reynolds puts the subject into some kind of situation: a female sitter becomes a muse, or a goddess, or one of the graces; a male sitter may be kitted out in a version of 17th-century costume, of the kind worn by Van Dyck's aristocratic youths. These transmutations fulfilled several functions: the invented situation was flattering in itself; it saved Reynolds from having to show contemporary dress (which then, as now, dated with dismaying rapidity); it catered to the 18th-century taste for fancy dress. Above all, it enabled Reynolds to conjure up a poetic atmosphere and transport portraiture to a realm where wish fulfilments of all kinds became possible.

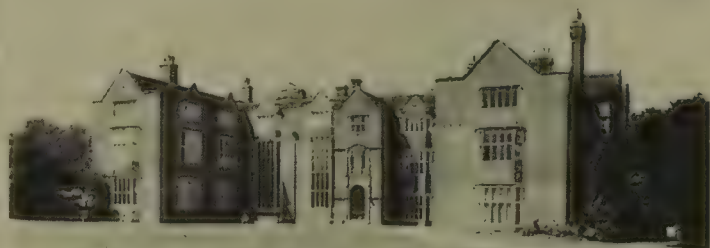
I suspect his strength was that he genuinely wanted his patrons to be as he showed them. The boy from Devon, once destined to be an apothecary (though his father was a schoolmaster and clergyman who owned a good library), was essentially self-made. The long climb would have had no point, as far as Reynolds was concerned, if all he discovered when he reached the top was greed, lust for power, snobbery, stupidity and vulgarity. Where he did find such characteristics, he could be said to have "reformed" his sitters, painting them as he believed they should be, not as they were ○



Colonel George Coussmaker, 1782, oil on canvas; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. This informal portrait, exhibited at the RA after Reynolds's death, is reminiscent of Gainsborough's style.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDUCATION AT HOME

From Richard Thomas

Dear Sir, Am I stating the obvious when I say that Mrs Baker (*ILN*, November) is somewhat mistaken? Can it be that she (like, perhaps, Mrs Gillick) fails so utterly to appreciate that many parents have neither time nor inclination to keep their children with them all day at home (hence our public school system)? Is not a school education concerned with more than merely instruction? Does it not attempt, among other things, to train the individual to live with different people in a community? If so, is it not vital to conserve it?

Again, is there not something radically wrong with a solution to our unemployment crisis that seeks to reduce the option a woman should have to work? Is there, indeed, any sociological or criminological basis for Mrs Baker's assertions that the "sensible occupation" of children will reduce hooliganism and petty crime?

What is wrong with the system is that too many people seek to dismantle, not improve it. How seriously are we to take Mrs Baker's remarks?

Richard Thomas
King's College
Cambridge

MODERN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

From the Press Officer, Ironbridge Gorge Museum

Dear Sir, Here at Ironbridge we were all fascinated by your feature on modern wonders of the world (*ILN*, October).

It was most gratifying to note that, with only three exceptions, your contributors all chose at least one "wonder" (and sometimes several) which came directly or indirectly from the events which took place here in Ironbridge in the 18th century. Sir Adrian Cadbury wisely chose Ironbridge as one of his modern wonders and no doubt he also appreciated that most of the other "built" selections came about because of the Industrial Revolution which began here.

Mass production of iron was made possible by the coke smelting technique of Abraham Darby in 1709. From that came the very first steam engine cylinders, first iron railway wheels and rails, first iron bridge, first iron boat, iron-framed buildings; and the first locomotive built by Richard Trevithick in 1802 was cast here. Without all this incredible new technology, all those subsequent "wonders", such as the internal combustion engine, the great bridges and dams, and the more adventurous buildings of our modern world might not be around.

So come on all you industrialists, artists and opinion leaders—at the beginning of Industry Year 1986 give credit where it is due and recognize the role played by a small corner of Shropshire. Come and see the new wonders of the Ironbridge Gorge Museum along its 6 miles of the Severn Gorge.

Katy Foster
Ironbridge Gorge Museum
Shropshire

From Mr J. B. Paige

Dear Sir, I have an entry to put forward for the "bizarre and unusual," class of your modern wonders of the world feature. The oil tanker *Burma Endeavour* in its present setting of Southampton's Western Docks is perhaps the ultimate statement of human progress.

Only 20th-century Western civilization could have conceived and delivered such a wondrous monster, or created from marshes the dock at which it is berthed. Only a society unable to manage its own achievements could have then been unable to find any use for either the ship or the dock.

J. B. Paige
Vale
Guernsey

SMOKE-FREE MEALS

From Eric Harrison

Dear Sir, It might be worth while for visitors to Britain to go to Busta in the Shetlands if only to enjoy their meals at Busta House where, as Hilary Rubinstein reports (*ILN*, August), the dining room is a smoke-free area. As non-smokers are now generally in a majority, other hoteliers and restaurateurs should adapt to their changing market. The taste and smell of smoke with food and wine is an offence to the palate, a slight to the chef, and a conveyor of stink to the hair and clothes of other diners. There are excellent commercial opportunities for the non-toxic restaurant.

Eric Harrison
Niagara-on-the-Lake
Ontario

THE HONOURS SYSTEM

From Michael De-la-Noy

Dear Sir, In your August issue Lord Blake concludes his review of my book *The Honours System*, in which he quite reasonably notes a number of careless errors, with the magisterial observation, "It is as well to know at least some history before writing a book on a subject like this." But I do know *some* history, as readers of my book will discover; unlike professional historians, I do not pretend to know everything.

Michael De-la-Noy
London W2

THE SKY AT NIGHT

Zodiacal light

Patrick Moore investigates cometary debris

Comets have been very much in the news lately. Our most distinguished cosmic visitor, Halley's Comet, has come back to the inner Solar System, and has caused a tremendous amount of interest, not only to astronomers but also to practically everyone else—even though it has been the reverse of spectacular, and has appeared only as a somewhat ghostly patch. After it has departed once more for the depths of the solar system, not to return before 2061, we will still see evidence of it in the form of meteors; two showers, the Orionids and the Eta Aquarids, are associated with it. Meteors are, in fact, cometary debris. But there are other signs of material left by comets.

We see it as the zodiacal light, a cone which sometimes appears above the horizon in the west after sunset or in the east before dawn. It is never easy to see from Britain, where the air is seldom transparent and there is an alarming amount of light pollution, but in more favoured climates it may sometimes rival the brightness of the Milky Way.

Contrary to popular belief, space is not empty. There is thinly spread material everywhere, even between the galaxies, and we have abundant evidence of what is termed the "interplanetary medium" in our own solar system. Sunlight illuminating this "dust" produces the zodiacal light. Strictly speaking it forms a luminous band, but its brightness falls away quickly with apparent increasing angular distance from the Sun, so that it gives the impression of a cone rising from the place where the Sun has set or is about to rise. This means that it is a phenomenon of either the early evening or the early morning. Obviously it extends along the zodiac, hence its name.

The particles making up the zodiacal light are very small indeed, with diameters of only around 2 micrometres; the low density is demonstrated by the fact that according to the best estimates there is only about one particle of this size in a cube of space measuring 100 metres along each side. This means that the total mass is very slight and cannot be more than 1/10,000,000,000 of that of the total mass of the planets.

One interesting point is that the particles cannot remain in orbit permanently. If they are above a certain diameter, they are driven out by the pressure of the Sun's radiation, while those which are not so expelled gradually spiral inwards to destruction because of what is termed the Poynting-Robertson effect. Inter-

actions between the particles and solar radiation makes them gradually lose momentum, so that eventually they are drawn into the Sun and are destroyed. In view of this, how can we explain the presence of any interplanetary medium at all?

Obviously it must be constantly enriched in some manner, and the answer seems to lie with the comets, which leave material in their wake as they orbit the Sun. The larger particles may be seen as meteors when they dash into the upper part of the Earth's air and are burned away by friction; most annual meteor showers are known to have their parent comets (Halley's Comet, as we have noted, is responsible for two). The reliable Perseids of August are the debris of a less brilliant comet, Swift-Tuttle, which has a period of well over a century, and has not actually been seen since 1862, while the April Lyrids are associated with Thatcher's Comet of 1861. (The Thatcher concerned was an American astronomer, and his comet will not return for about 415 years, so that it has no political affiliation whatsoever!) The smaller particles, too small and too lightweight to cause luminous effects when they enter the atmosphere, are widely diffused along the plane of the Solar System, and these are responsible for the zodiacal light.

Comets come in regularly from the distant "cloud", and several new ones are discovered every year. Unless they are suitably perturbed by a planet (usually Jupiter), or unless they fall into the Sun (as sometimes happens; five such cases have now been traced from space-probe photographs), they will go back to the cloud, not to return for many centuries or, even thousands or millions of years; but as they near the Sun they become active and shed "dust" in large quantities. The result is that the supply of zodiacal particles is continually replenished.

The zodiacal light is at its best when the ecliptic is most steeply inclined to the horizon at the appropriate time. This is always the case in the tropics, where the celestial equator crosses the sky at high altitude and so, therefore, does the ecliptic; but things are less favourable from higher latitudes. In Britain, for example, the best times are evenings in February or March, and mornings in September and October. Unfortunately it is essential to keep well clear of artificial illuminations; anyone who lives in a city, or even in a village with obtrusive street lights, has little hope of seeing it at all ○

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Alex Hamilton divides travellers into two groups: those who are content to be packaged; and those who seek a chance to escape to solitude. Such havens can still be found in Europe, often on the fringes of the mass resorts.

THE GREEK ISLAND OF KARPATOS by Paul Mansfield

NORTHERN PORTUGAL by David Tennant

CARINTHIA, AUSTRIA by Michael Watkins

CHARENTE MARITIME, FRANCE by Rob Neillands

CALABRIA, ITALY by John Carter

EASTERN SWITZERLAND by Kenneth Loveland

HAMBURG by Hazel Evans

MAJORCA by Jill Crawshaw

TRAVEL FACTS by David Tennant

The travel trade divides its customers many ways: business and tourist, singles and pairs, in work and retired, short-haul and long-haul, delighted and whingeing, too, no doubt, but the division I find useful is between gerbils and hamsters.

The gerbil is a lively creature, full of perk and beans, will run on a wheel for hours, is fond of its fellows, cheerfully bundles in with dozens of others, is philoprogenitive and fairly predictable as long as the food and drink are fresh.

The hamster, on the other hand, is in no hurry to make friends, loathes the very idea of hamsters in a cage, and may turn nasty if asked to share space with even one of its kind. A hamster will not sprint about, but saves its energy: when apparently sated, looking charmingly pensive, it is brooding on ways of going somewhere else.

On the face of it—the globe—the tide of history seems to be flowing the gerbils' way. The number of countries that report *fewer* tourists can be counted on one finger (Malta). Does this mean that hamsters must adapt to gerbilization or stay home?

The time may come, but not yet I think. Certain areas have been dust-bowled, notoriously Benidorm (RIP), Hawaii, Tahiti, and I am advised of increasing build-up in Timbuctoo, but paradoxically mass gerbil development may work to hamster advantage.

Even gerbils cannot be in two places at once. Everywhere cities drain the rural areas of their people, and the little fishing village of Casablanca is scheduled to house five million within a decade, and similarly the purpose-built resorts relieve the surrounding areas of gerbil pressure. The hamster who longs for Oman or a rain forest should be grateful to Spain for putting up 40 million gerbils.

Actually, hamster goals need not be so far away. For one thing, it is an illusion that long-haul destinations are *ipso facto* less crowded. The farther away from England, the nearer it may be to the American or Japanese tourist. I learnt this lesson when I trotted into the Dominican Republic and found half a million South Americans trotting with me.

But the second reason is the inspiration of the hamster. It is

wonderfully exemplified by the small Pyrenean nation of Andorra. This has a native population of 40,000 and is visited by 13 million tourists. That is statistically overwhelming. And yet by a minor miracle the integrity of Andorra is preserved, partly because of the Andorran temperament (profoundly hamster) and partly because all those visitors are concentrated in the valleys, which are no more than one eighth of the total area. While the gerbils swarm excitedly through the purpose-built, duty-free zones, hamsters can pursue their solitary reveries through the mountain meadows.

Here is what cheers the hamster on—and it is the burden of the articles that follow—that all kinds of interesting and unfrequented places can be found close to the great highways and ant heaps of tourism.

Not far from Rimini, for instance, with its 35,000 umbrellas serried on the Adriatic beach, is the tiny independent republic of San Marino which in high summer also attracts gerbils, particularly Italians and furnishers of jumble sales seeking arquebuses loaded with wine, imitation medieval maces and copper frying pans with cuckoo clocks inset. But just across the rolling countryside—about 10 miles to the southwest, founded by a Christian fugitive from the persecution of Domitian—is the formidable mountain stronghold of San Leo. It contains the dungeon where the charlatan »»»



→ Count Cagliostro spent his last years, condemned by the Inquisition for freemasonry.

Those with no more than a smack of hamster might find Cagliostro's solitary circuit too much of a good thing, but for a short time there is something both soothing and exalting about this awesome and relatively unknown place. A determined hamster will reach it easily by bus, though the people of Rimini feign ignorance of San Leo and the service. For a trifling sum the hamster can stand where Dante Alighieri stood, at the high portal of the fortress, when he had his vision of Limbo.

Alex Hamilton is Travel Editor of *The Guardian* and Travel Writer of the Year for 1985/86.

WHERE FRIENDLINESS FLOURISHES IN GREECE

BY PAUL MANSFIELD

A Greek friend once described Karpathos as "beautiful and unspoilt"—and when I found myself unexpectedly in Pigadia harbour *en route* to Crete I decided to get off and look around. I was the only foreigner on the island—and it lived up to my friend's description.

Karpathos is one of those rare Greek islands that have remained impervious to mass tourism. Not at the expense of comfort, however, because (another happy coincidence) it is a popular summer resort with Greek holidaymakers, and there are plenty of good hotels and restaurants open all year. In autumn the island has a restful feel—relaxed, but not abandoned.

Halfway between Rhodes and Crete, Karpathos has a backbone of ruggedly beautiful central mountains. It is a fertile island, with pine forests stretching for miles along the coast.

Pigadia town is small and busy. Less picturesque, perhaps, than other Greek ports—but then the prettiest harbours in the Aegean these days often comprise souvenir shops and little else. Pigadia on the other hand is a working town, with a fishing fleet, a waterfront market and constant bustle on and off the water. There is always something to look at,

many cafés to look out from; some people claim to have spent days lounging around this port without ever growing bored. I am one of them.

On the hill behind the harbour I discovered a splendidly eccentric restaurant. A middle-aged man with a toothy grin and a blue flower behind his ear beckoned me inside with a flourish, introducing himself as Zachary. While he greeted guests and waited on the tables, his wife cooked and shouted at him, usually for his failure to ensure that the right dishes went to the right tables. Zachary paid no attention and kept on smiling, and after a while I decided that both he and his wife, and most of the regular customers were probably mad. But by then I was a regular customer myself.

The food was remarkable: *dolmadkia* (stuffed vine leaves) seasoned with mountain herbs; fresh seafood from the harbour grilled over charcoal; *avgolemono* soup flavoured with parsley and garlic—an unusual seasoning in Greece and a local speciality. In another country, I reflected, Zachary's wife might have taken charge of a first-class restaurant here she had more than enough on her hands attempting to take charge of her husband.

At the mountain villages of Mesochori and Kilini many locals still dress in traditional Greek costume. The arrival of a foreign visitor is always an occasion for excitement. Xenophilia, the traditional Greek hospitality towards strangers, is a sadly diminished quality on many better-known islands. On Karpathos, I am happy to report, it is flourishing.

You can travel right round the island by brightly painted caiques, a trip worth making for the glimpse it offers of Greek island life with all its endless occasionally maddening but thoroughly human complexities. On tiny village jetties overflowing with people and baggage the partial chaos as the boat draws near becomes total during embarkation. Once under way the boat suddenly quietsens as the Greeks, notoriously bad sailors, cross themselves and clutch at the sides to avoid being swept over—which would be difficult even with effort.

Arm yourself with bread, some *feta* cheese, a bottle of local wine and some olives: take the morning boat north from Pigadia, point out a suitably idyllic bay to the *capotauro* and he will take his caique in for you, returning later in the day to collect you on his way back to town.



I have been back to the island several times since that first chance visit, and the place remains unspoilt. It will not be this way for ever, of course—the odds are very much against it—so go now and enjoy it while it lasts.

MINHO: THE CRADLE OF PORTUGAL

BY DAVID TENNANT

I was awoken by the unlikely mixture of popping firecrackers, a cuckoo and an industrious woodpecker. The firecrackers were from the nearby town of Arcos de Valdevez and heralded a local fair; the birds were in the luxuriant gardens and woods around the house. The

Paço da Gloria is a rather grand 18th-century manor, once the home of an aristocratic Portuguese family, now English-owned. I had slept in luxury in a vast, stone-walled and alcoved bedroom, splendidly furnished and with a marble-lined bathroom. Breakfast was in a vaulted room reached through the great hall adorned with historic busts, tapestries and chandeliers. Such gracious living with discreet friendly service cost only about £20 a night for a double room with breakfast.

The house is one of 30 or so *casas antigas*—literally "old houses"—in northern Portugal. All are privately owned, many akin to our "stately homes" but varying considerably in size. Paying guests either use part of the house or stay in a self-contained wing. Accommodation can be pre-booked in the UK or via local tourist offices.

Situated either in or close to towns and villages in the Minho area, they provide excellent holiday accommodation at moderate cost to the more discriminating visitor. A



Left, Olímpos nestles in the northern mountains of Karpathos island, Greece. Below, the church of Bom Jesus heads the granite staircase built for pilgrims, near Braga in Minho.

touring holiday in North Portugal staying in these and the state-owned *pousadas* (inns) and *estalagens* (quality guest houses and smaller hotels) is one of the most attractive on the Continent.

Not only is the Minho, Portugal's northernmost province, one of the most beautiful parts of the whole Iberian peninsula, it has also kept the excesses of tourism well at bay. Even along the superb, sandy coastline, developments are unobtrusive. The Costa Verde is a countryside of rolling hills, meandering rivers, intensive cultivation—particularly of vines—large forests and fascinating towns and villages. Cathedrals and churches, often of great splendour, shrines and sanctuaries abound. The roads, except for the coastal ones, are by no means busy and you are likely to encounter ox-drawn carts as motor vehicles.

The Minho is the cradle of Portugal, for the town of Guimarães, now a splendid blend of medieval and Renaissance architecture, was the birthplace of Afonso Henriques, the first king of the country. Here, too, is the much restored castle-palace of the Dukes of Braganza. Today fine linen weaving is one of the town's main occupations. Only a few miles away is Braga, whose Archbishop is the Primate of Portugal; its cathedral, with architecture ranging from Romanesque to late Manueline, is large and rather sombre, but the entire city centre is a treasure-house of architecture, some in need of restoration. The church of Bom Jesus, however, is in fine condition, sitting at the top of a massive double flight of zig-zag stairways which look like a gigantic fan, with fountains cascading down the sides.

The River Lima, like so many in Portugal, rises in Spain and runs south-west across the Minho to the Atlantic. About 15 miles inland from the ocean is Ponte de Lima, another delightful old town, whose bridge was originally built by the Romans and reconstructed in the Middle Ages. It still carries vehicles today. Here, too, is the Palace of the Dukes of Lima and many fine old houses.

A mile or two outside the town is the Monte da Madalena restaurant which has a magnificent panoramic view over the countryside. Owned jointly by several vineyard

SEE HALLEY'S COMET IN BALI WITH PATRICK MOORE



A "chance in a lifetime" is offered by P&O Air Holidays and *The Illustrated London News* on a springtime seven-day "Halley's Comet and Bali" holiday. Halley's comet - visible best from the Southern Hemisphere - is making its first appearance since 1910, and will not be seen again for another 76 years.

This tour will be led by Patrick Moore, *ILN* author and astronomer, presenter of BBC TV's *The Sky at Night*, to make this a truly memorable and interest-filled holiday.

The Bali Astronomy Office have advised that during March the comet can be seen in the early morning, and, towards the end of the month, in the late evening as well, from all parts of the island.

Between celestial sightings, Bali offers beautiful beaches and lush countryside. There seems to be a colourful festival taking place every day of the year and the population delight in sharing with visitors their traditional dances and entertainment.

Accommodation on this tour is at the first class Sanur Beach Hotel, situated in a palm grove amid well-established gardens. Leisure activities are well catered for with a pool and tennis and squash courts.

Itinerary

Monday 17 March London-Bali Depart London (Gatwick) Airport at 1300 by Garuda Indonesian Airways flight.

Tuesday 18 March Bali Arrive Jakarta and continue to Bali, arriving at 1830. Transfer to Sanur Beach Hotel.

Wednesday 19 March Bali At leisure. There is a pool, as well as tennis and squash courts at the hotel. Or relax on the perfect white beaches. In the evening, there is an excursion to the Princes House at Mengwi for dinner and a performance of the "Legong", one of the most popular of Balinese traditional dances.

Thursday 20 March Bali At leisure

Friday 21 March Bali Morning excursion to Mas to see the woodcarving craftsmen at work, then continue to Ubud. This serene, beautiful village is the traditional home of artists, not only from Bali, but from all over the world. We visit several studios and

galleries before going on to visit the typical Balinese Temple of Sebatu. Return to Sanur Beach Hotel to spend the afternoon around the pool or on the beach.

Saturday 22 March - Monday 24 March Bali At leisure. Enjoy the sightseeing, shopping, the watersports, or just the sun and the beach.

Tuesday 25 March Bali-London Today, transfer to Denpasar to depart by Garuda Indonesian Airways mid-afternoon flight.

Wednesday 26 March London Arrive London (Gatwick) Airport early morning.

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»> entrepreneurs, it is a place of simple elegance with tiled floors and pristine white walls. Here we ate well on vegetable soup (a local delicacy), a seafood cocktail fresh from the ocean that morning and almond trout, another local dish. The wine was vinho verde—light, tangy and very refreshing. The cost with wine was around £5 a head.

Cheaper still was a leisurely lunch at O Mirante, a typical *tasca* on the road between Monção and Arcos de Valdevez. Six of us enjoyed a long and varied menu of *febras* (spiced pork), fresh quail, *cozido*—a chicken, cabbage and rice stew—green salads of amazing variety and fresh fruit. With wine and coffee the bill came to around £15 inclusive and the food, service and view were impeccable.

From the excellent *pousada* built into part of the massive fortifications in Valença there is a view across the River Minho into Spain. Valença's delightful old town, set entirely within its extensive fortified walls, has narrow cobbled streets, tall stone or white-washed houses, quiet squares, and an abundance of shops catering largely to Spanish visitors who rush across to buy goods (clothing in particular) at very low rates. By late afternoon, however, they have gone and the town returns to tranquillity.

The Minho, increasingly rare in Europe, is an area where tourism, while important, has not been allowed to swamp the local character. Long may it continue that way.

FAIRYTALE CARINTHIA'S CLOAK OF COSINESS

BY MICHAEL WATKINS

It may be of less than conspicuous interest to you that the departure lounge seats at Vienna Airport were designed by the Marquis de Sade. I mention this in passing because, in order to connect from London to Carinthia, it is incumbent upon you to fritter away the odd hour or so in these torturous surroundings. And if I hear you mutter, "Carinthia, where on earth is Carinthia?" it will not surprise me at all.

On earth it certainly is: in southern

Austria, a bit due north of Ljubljana, not so very far from Trieste, with Venice a couple of hours belt along the motorway. You can, as I did, fly from Vienna in 40 minutes to the provincial capital of Klagenfurt, alighting in a kind of geophysical mutation, half Lilliput, half von Trapp. There is an immediate and relentless quality of picturesqueness, of coffee-table books in which the photographs reduce the text to an irrelevance. My instinct was to distrust the meringue sweetness of the place, and here I was mistaken. The gooey taste lingers, it would be useless to deny it, but Carinthia's sinews were forged on an anvil of steel.

In 1478, 400 inadequately armed peasants faced the invading Ottoman army in an heroic, useless gesture, but one which is a recurring theme in Carinthia's stand against oppression. Emotionally, Carinthia is an outsider, a continent between peoples. Her blood is neither purely German, nor purely Slav in the Slovene sense. She is of mixed blood, Romanic too: a hybrid, mongrel by breeding, tenacious by nature, packed with peasant obstinacy—and, I suspect, guile.

Patrician blood was measured too, repressive and despotic; but the blood became diluted, the grasp enfeebled. Great dynasties tottered, leaving their imprint in masonry, in armour, in badly executed family portraits such as you find at Castle Hochosterwitz—a glorious edifice in which the glory *per se* is an echo. Which leaves in its place a mood of what? There is a word: cosiness. Carinthia wears its cosiness like a cloak, or like a yawn. It is entirely possible, one feels, to fall asleep standing up. Many people do.

This is what attracts me. The landscape contains no surprises and no horror. About the worst that can happen is that the *apfelstrudel* will have sold out by the time you get to Musil's, the famous cake-shop in Klagenfurt. From where it is a short step to the 16th-century *Indwurm*, a dragon effigy reputed to wag its tail each time a Carinthian virgin passes. You should deduce no impurity from the statue's failure to comply with the legend's requirement once in 350 years; Carinthian virtue is unquestionably in the ascendant.

I based myself at Velden on the Wörthersee, one of many lakes in the region, a 16 kilometre stretch of water so untainted that a civic dignitary publicly drank a glass of it. Velden is so promotion- »>



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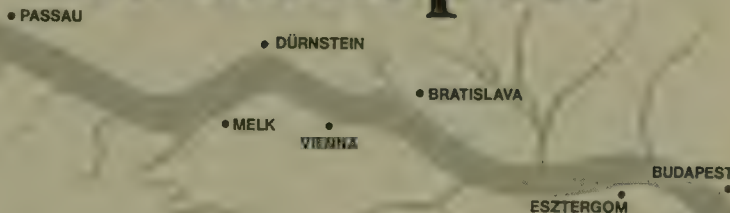
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► conscious he would have walked on the stuff had there been a television crew handy. In high summer it is undeniably crowded. It reverberated with oompah Bavarian music and ho-ho humour; it was bold and brassy and busy.

Millsait, 25 miles away, is a musical little town: on the cobbles outside the *Rathaus*, or town hall, a knee-breeched accordionist, Tyrolean feather in his cap, played for children. In the church, a baroque masterpiece, an explosion of goodly music erupted as I sat with my thoughts; and when I climbed to the organ-loft I found Heinz Lohmann from Berlin dashing off a Bach variation. It is an ancient town, well stocked with charm, *Wienerischkeit*, and folklore descending from the patron saint, Dominian.

The surrounding hills may not be alive with the sound of music, but their waters are rich in minerals beneficial to rheumatic ailments. They are also rich in isolated villages such as St Oswald, so high that they make you dizzy, so unsophisticated that they make you envious.

Have I made Carinthia sound terribly replete and self-satisfied? Perhaps it is. It yields a total inability to shock or surprise. There remains a suet-puddingness, an entirely predictable flavour which induces extremes of neither ecstasy nor of nausea. It is implacably homely; but did I not warn you that it is an escape? Even so, one should not be too cocky: you can never be quite sure what troll kingdom exists within those mountains, what Gormenghast intrigues fester in Musli's cake-shop.

A LEISURELY TRAIL THROUGH RURAL WESTERN FRANCE

BY ROB NEILLANDS

If, like Oscar Wilde, you are one of those people who hate feeling at home when they are abroad, may I offer the following suggestion? This summer, forsake the popular places of Europe and travel to the region of Charente Maritime, in western France.

Considering that this area lies just to the south of Brittany and the

Vendée, and only a little to the north-west of the Dordogne, the parts of France where the British abound, it is quite amazingly overlooked. This amazement grows when the visitor takes the time to explore and sees exactly what the region has to offer. It lies well south of the Loire, which guarantees long hours of summer sunshine; the coastline is a mixture of vast sandy beaches and small historic ports, full of restaurants where the seafood is abundant and the oysters succulent; and the countryside is rolling, well-tended and beautiful. As a bonus, this area borders the mysterious wetlands of the Marais Poitevin, which are unique in western Europe. Finally, the church architecture is pleasing Romanesque—who could ask for more?

Our visit last summer began with a night crossing to St Malo with Brittany Ferries, which gave us an early start for a long day's drive south, crossing the Loire just east of Nantes

and reaching Parthenay by late afternoon. The town is on the old pilgrim road to Santiago de Compostela in Spain; in the 12th century it was the home of the monk Ameri Picaut, who wrote the world's first real guide book, about the pilgrim routes to the shrine of St James at Compostela, a book which is still in print, not bad after 800 years. Our route followed this pilgrim trail south, across the fortified Pont St Jacques at Parthenay for a night at the Hotel des Rocs in Niort, the main centre for exploring the Venise Verte, the marshlands of the Marais Poitevin.

This 'Green Venice' of Poitou owes its existence to the monks who began to trap the water of the slow, winding local rivers in the 11th century, building locks and dams, and using the water to irrigate their crops and give an annual drenching to their watermeadows. Do that for several hundred years and you create not only a unique landscape but also a way of life in a place where, even

today, the only way to travel is by boat. In the Marais, flat-bottomed, blunt-ended canoes ferry crops to market, brides to church, cattle from one field to another or, as in our case, tourists for a cruise around the sights. We took ship at La Garette and paddled off into this lush, willow-draped jungle, a mysterious place of trees and sky, full of birdlife, marvelously peaceful and the perfect way to spend a restful morning after a long drive.

There is a lot to see and do in this region and rural France is not best seen while rushing about. South and west now, on uncrowded D-class roads, through Aulnay which has a beautiful Romanesque church, and so to the Cognac country, past places where Messrs Hennessy, Hine, and Rémy Martin offer beguiling invitations to sample their products, into the little village of Fleurance just north of Jarnac, for a night at the Hostellerie du Château, which actually is a château, perhaps even a *château-*

fort, with towers and battlements and now a delightful hotel with four poster beds and an excellent, *il nouvelle*, cuisine.

From this comfortable centre it is easy to tour along the valley of the Charente, perhaps east to the city of Angoulême, or west to the town of Saintes, capital of the former province of Saintonge. This is a delightful countryside in high summer, a patchwork of vines and fields ablaze with golden sunflowers, well supplied with excellent, inexpensive restaurants and good hotels. Castle lovers like myself will enjoy the 15th-century splendours of La Roche Courbon, 10 miles north-west of Saintes, or a little east, the *château-fort* of Crazeaux.

We paused for a day or two at Fleurance and then set off home, taking in a little more of the scenery on the way, heading east to La Rochefoucauld. Another splendid night here, at La Vieille Auberge, the evening enlivened by watching part of the

Left, the village of Maria Worth on the Wörthersee, near Klagenfurt in southern Austria. Right, the wetlands of the Marais Poitevin, north of the Charente Maritime in western France.

son of lumière at the nearby castle, where the performance concluded on this occasion with a cataclysmic thunderstorm.

For a last look at the varied delights of Charente Maritime we headed west, early in the morning, to pick up the coast road by Rochefort, arriving there just in time for lunch at the Restaurant Le Soubise on the outskirts, and a visit to the Naval Museum in the port, then north to the old Huguenot port of La Rochelle. This coastal route offers great views out to the offshore islands of Ré and Oléron, and we concluded the day with a night in the Hotel St Jean d'Acre, and dinner in the Restaurant Le Vieux Port, a place which serves the most excellent oysters and allows the diners to enjoy a good view of the boats in the harbour just across the way.

From La Rochelle, which is also definitely a place to linger in, our road ran north up to St Malo and so home. This first visit was all too short, but it is some measure of the area's attraction that only a month later I went back, and I intend to return this year, perhaps in the spring, to see and learn more about this beautiful and still undiscovered part of France.

SLOWING THE PACE IN THE TOE OF ITALY

BY JOHN CARTER

It is nearly 15 years since I first visited Calabria and wrote enthusiastically about it as a holiday destination. I felt it provided the true flavour of old Italy that seemed, elsewhere, to have been forced out by the pace and pressures of modern times. Despite ambitious and impressive plans to transform the 'toe' of Italy into a tourist honey-pot, and an old port at Sant'Eufemia Lamezia which has opened to receive charter flights from northern Europe, Calabria has not changed.

Some inclusive holiday companies



feature the region in their brochures and use Lamezia as a point of arrival and departure. Other companies fly their clients to Crotona which lies on the Ionian coast, north of Catanzaro and the Gulf of Squillace. On this coast, and particularly around that Gulf, are some long and wide sandy beaches, along which the developers have put up large modern hotels. I recall, especially, the Costa Tiziana at Crotona itself, and a 'holiday village' development at Castellina, on the southern side of the cape that marks the extremity of the Gulf. One of the most unusual hotels, however, was the Villa Cluaz at Staletti, a little way south of Catanzaro. Here Ralph Cluaz, an American whose family had emigrated from Staletti, has transformed an old property which stands on a hilltop overlooking the sea into the kind of hotel most of us dream of discovering.

Over on the Tyrrhenian coast are a string of small towns and villages which are not so much resorts as well established communities that have taken tourism in their stride and adjusted (in a very small way) to accommodate it. I am thinking of places like Pizzo, Tropea and Scilla, as well as many other much smaller communities which are ideal for family holidays. Indeed, in high summer they are filled with holiday-making Italians from the north, and the Italians regard Calabria as suitable only in July and August. However, the weather is pleasantly warm in May, June and in September when the region is much quieter.

Although there are airports at Sant'Eufemia Lamezia and at Crotona, most British visitors to Calabria tend to fly to Naples and hire a self-drive car there. Once on the *Autostrada del Sole* the journey is plain sailing, and after Salerno, 35 miles south of Naples, the road is toll free. Although that highway is first-class, you need to leave it for the local roads in order to explore the area thoroughly. The roads have often been neglected and some are steep and twisting, so do not plan to make good time on them but savour instead some of Italy's most picturesque scenery, from the lakes and pine forests of the Silian plateau to the Aspromonte mountains in the far south. The area of Sila Greca is, in fact, a geographical reminder that a Greek civilization flourished there some 2,500 years ago and, among other legacies, gave its name 'Italo' to the entire country. Crotona was used by Pythagoras as the chief centre of his school of philosophy.

Touring the Sila Greca region, I came to the village of Vaccarizzo Albanese, one of several whose inhabitants cling to the costumes, language and culture, and the religion, of Albania—the homeland from which their ancestors fled in face of the Turkish invasion at the beginning of the 15th century.

At the very south of the Aspromonte mountains, where the slopes run steeply towards the sea, are timeless hill villages such as Palizzi and Pontediletti, and some of Europe's largest olive groves are to be seen beside the road which ►

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→ runs from Locri on the Ionian shore to Gioia on the west coast. Calabria, with its contrasting coasts and fine scenery, is indeed a holiday land, and if you visit the region outside the short summer season, neither the weather nor the welcome should disappoint you.

THE MIDDLE AGES COME TO LIFE IN SWITZERLAND

BY KENNETH LOVELAND

It did not speak well for the steaks. The sign on the restaurant door said I could have a tooth extracted for a trilling sum, and if I happened to put my elbow out somebody on the premises would put it back. Then there was a notice that said blood-letting could be arranged for a small extra charge, another warning me that I ought not to leave without taking a bath.

It happened in Stein-am-Rhein, one of those beautifully preserved little towns hugging the Rhine just before it flows into the Bodensee, a corner of Switzerland that so many British pass by unaware they are letting a gem slip through their fingers.

There was, of course, an explanation. In a place as old and picturesque as Stein most of the buildings are protected monuments. But life has to go on, and Stein's houses have been subtly accommodated to modern needs while keeping their character. Three hundred years ago the restaurant had been a *badstube*, the kind of place where you tethered your horse (the posts are still there), and had a meal, a bath, and a consultation with the local sawbones thrown in. The notices had never been taken down. But I still settled for fish caught that morning on the Bodensee, always a good bet here.

Stein, with its cobbled streets, affectionately painted houses on the Rathausplatz, town hall with murals topped by a richly carved gallery, is characteristic of this part of Switzerland in its haunting sense of the Middle Ages come to life. In the well-known you receive in places not exactly overrun with tourists, and it is quiet. The Swiss shore of the Bodensee yields many treasures, and

is easily explored by car if you take the road from Schaffhausen (where I was comfortably housed at the Hotel Bahnhof for about £15 a night, bed and breakfast) on to Kreuzlingen, Romanshorn and Rorschach.

You may want to turn inland to St Gallen, where the Irish missionary Gallus established his hermitage in AD 612. It has a fine baroque cathedral and numerous houses restored in the style peculiar to parts of Switzerland and South Germany, of quaint turrets and bay windows. Here is plenty of night life, from opera and ballet at the Stadttheater to puppetry and night clubs. There is good eating, too. I enjoyed the local *bratstruep*, a meal in itself, in the Marktplatz restaurant, one of several (the *Zunftstube* is another) where typical local meals are cheap.

There is more to Schaffhausen than the Rhine Falls, but do not miss them—700 cubic metres of water roaring over the rocks every second. The express trains slow to a crawl as they pass. "How thoughtful of the Swiss," said a camera-clicking tourist in my compartment. Actually, they slow because this is a dangerous curve with a permanent speed restriction, but it was a nice thought.

Spare time to walk through Schaffhausen itself because, like Stein, the old quarter has been imaginatively preserved, a fascinating background to a quiet walk through car-banned lanes. The local tourist office has plenty of guides to help, just go along and ask. They will certainly show you Zum Ritter, one of Europe's loveliest houses, a masterpiece with a striking fresco-covered facade set among old guildhouses, a superb example of late-German Renaissance. I recall with pleasure a walk through the Muentensgasse, past ornamental fountains, and the oracles of the Vordergasse.

From Schaffhausen take a boat up the Rhine to Kreuzlingen, past green, wooded slopes and old towns like Diessenhofen. From most of the lake towns you can take steamer trips to the German shore to see the exotic gardens of Malnau. Austria, too, is easily accessible by boat or road to Brezgen (open on the floating stage in the summer), with the mountains and forests of the Vorarlberg behind.

Look south from St Gallen or the lake towns and there is a fierce mountain range mysteriously appearing and vanishing through clouds and clouds. Beyond a road which skirts waterfalls and rushing streams, is the fairyland of



Left, a window in Sambiasa, a town in Calabria, southern Italy. Below left, the Rhine Falls near Schaffhausen, one of the sights of eastern Switzerland.



Appenzel. Take that road, for it leads to something unlike any other part of Switzerland.

Hone of the famous cheese (they will show you how it is made) Appenzel is where the men smoke the handsome *lendaufli* pipe with engraved metal figures. It is a place of street festivals. A drummer and a flute-player under my window woke me before dawn on carnival day, playing of all things "The British Grenadiers." It has old crafts, too. I met a man who was the sixth generation in his family to make bell-hammers for cobs.

Try the small inns for value-for-money accommodation in Appenzel and the lake villages. Worth special mention are the Hotel Saentiblick at Abtwil (part of St Gallen), the Taube at Roggwil near Romanshorn, and the Anker at Teufen in Appenzel.

HAMBURG: CITY OF WATER AND PEARLY LIGHT

BY HAZEL EVANS

"Why on earth are you going there?" asked a friend when I announced I was off to Hamburg, my favourite northern city. Once again I had to launch into the wellworn patter that Hamburg is not, as so many people believe, grim, industrial and grey, but an attractive city faced with water and pearly light.

Hamburg has style. It owes about as much to the beer-swilling Bavarian south of Germany as Florence does to Naples. It is affluent, elegant and distinctly Nordic—not surprising since much of it belonged to Denmark until the 19th century. A Hanseatic port, it is also a state in its own right.

Sandwiched between the Alster, a stunning lake which comes right into the city centre, and the fast-flowing River Elbe, Hamburg boasts dozens of delightful canals, and more bridges than Venice. It is also an open city with wide, often tree-lined streets where water and sky dominate, rather than buildings. Although much of the architecture is new (a fire in 1842 ravaged the city, war did the rest) spires rather than tower blocks seem to dominate the skyline. Urban life is pleasant, untrivial.

There is no inner-city angst. Rabbits scamper around the central park, crested grebes dart about on water which at weekends is dotted by the white flags of sailing boats. Willow trees dip down over tranquil canals that fan out from the lake. And small landing stages here and there give glimpses of the *gemütelichkeit* beyond, manicured lawns, solid, well-kept houses. You could be in Marlow or Maidenhead. These houses, once owned by rich merchants, ironically escaped the bombing of Hamburg at a very reasonable price. Don't miss Kraysenpark, under the shadow of St Michael's church—open a door in the wall and you will find inside a perfectly preserved medieval street, with shops and a restaurant.

Helf Liebschmann has returned to the Staatsoper which now attracts names like Plácido Domingo, while Peter Zadek is re-interpreting classics at the Schauspielhaus—his *Duchess of Malfi* almost caused an uproar. The churches host impressive concerts too—Bach's A Major Mass by candlelight at St Katharinen, for instance.

Hamburg is also a series of villages, each with its own personality, easily visited by the U- or S-Bahn, the local railway network. Poseldorf is a German version of Highgate with its boutiques, antique shops and occasional visual jokes—blank modern buildings have medieval façades painted on them. Blankensee is full of fascination: thatched cottages and sea captains' houses huddle

about—one stocks nothing but exquisite white porcelain, another, accessories for cats and dogs, a third gadgets for the left-handed. In the centre of the most elegant arcade of them all, the Hansa Viertel, an oyster and champagne bar, makes an attractive shopping stop.

Food is taken with total seriousness. With the wealth of the state to draw on—lobsters from Helgoland, smoked sprats from Kiel, shrimps from Bismarck and the ubiquitous *majtes*, salted herring—fish dishes predominate. And nowhere more than at Johann Collin in Brod-schangen near the Rathaus. You dine at this old-fashioned oyster and caviar house *a deux* in tiny rooms which must, in their time, have been the setting for many a scandal. With the splendid countryside of Schleswig-Holstein outside the city, game is good too, notably pheasant, hare and venison. You will find it in places like the dining room of the old Hotel Reichshof, decorated in the style of an Arabian night.

Hamburg's delights are diverse. It is full of the unexpected: the Café Keese, for instance, situated awkwardly on the edge of the Reeperbahn, a decorous dance hall where ladies ask the gentlemen to dance and the men cannot refuse. Then there is Gamache, the café in the Neumarkt where the Sinti, a local gypsy tribe, sing. Or the newest place to eat, Zum Hobbit, a folk restaurant at Wilhelmsburg near the harbour which serves the best fish soup in Hamburg at a very reasonable price. Don't miss Kraysenpark, under the shadow of St Michael's church—open a door in the wall and you will find inside a perfectly preserved medieval street, with shops and a restaurant.

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»→ down the steep-stepped hill among birch and beech trees. You can eat out under the trees by the strand for between £5 and £10 a head and watch the ships come in on the tide.

Hamburg has many splendid hotels. The most imposing is undoubtedly the magnificent Vier Jahreszeiten (four seasons) overlooking the Alster. It is one of those great traditional hotels where there are staff whose sole task is to set the revolving doors in motion for you, or open the lift. Elegant, from its restaurant Haclin to its Biedermeier-style café, the secret of its success, perhaps, is that it has been owned by the same family since it opened in 1897.

MAJORCA'S UNEXPECTED CRUSOE COUNTRY

BY JILL CRAWSHAW

Bees plundered honeysuckle overhanging sunbleached drystone walls. Down below, a translucent sea reflected pine-clad mountains. It is surely one of the most spectacular corniche drives in Europe—and I met no other car on the road the entire Sunday morning. Later, over on the other side of the island, I was able to walk alone on a crescent-shaped beach of soft white sand, clear of footprints. A boat bobbing on the horizon was the only intruder, otherwise I could have been in Crusoe country.

Except that this was the most popular island in Europe—Majorca, where 300 planes fly in and out daily during the peak August period. Almost 750,000 Britons and only slightly fewer Germans, plus large numbers of Scandinavians, Japanese, Belgians and Dutch holiday there each year. You would expect a complete wasteland of noise and garish vulgarity—certainly in the El Arenal/Ca'n Pastilla belt on one side of Palma, the capital, and the ever-growing Magaluf/Palma Nova on the other—but much of the 3,000 square miles of Majorca provides some of the best value and greatest variety in the Mediterranean.

It certainly has some fine resorts—the island conceals a dozen or so

which would rank high in any company. Puerto de Andraitx in the south-west corner is my favourite—a prosperous fishing village set around a perfect bay where the fishing boats and sleek yachts jostle at anchor. There are mild concessions to tourism: a few souvenir shops along the ramshackle promenade, a windsurfing school and a pocket-size beach, so small that it has undoubtedly saved the resort from overdevelopment. And there are two fine restaurants, much frequented by locals.

On the east side of the island, Cala d'Or is a purpose-built tourist resort, but designed in the low, local style with patios and arched walkways. It is villa territory for families. Some of the houses have private swimming

pools, and all are white and dazzling with chunky Spanish furniture, local pottery, cool, tiled floors, and within a few minutes' car drive are coves that you have to yourself if you are prepared to search for them.

Another day you can take the little train from Palma to Sóller, passing through an endless garden of orange and lemon groves, fig trees and windmills. Locals claim there are more windmills in Majorca than in Holland. At the end of the line, Sóller is a quiet, dignified little town where the old men spend their days dozing in the cafés around the main square.

Majorca also has its share of fine hotels—the opulent Valparaiso, the Son Vida with its own golf course and the world-famous Formentor,

Above, a view of Sóller in the mountains of northern Majorca, on the railway journey from Palma. Left, appetizing food stalls attract crowds in Hamburg.

situated on the most beautiful and exclusive northern tip of the island.

Puerto de Andraitx has a number of charming, small hotels such as the Hotel Moderno, owned and run by an Italian couple. It is a simple, comfortable, superior guest-house style of place which has a small swimming-pool. Behind the hotel are beautiful almond groves and the centre of the puerto is a 10-minute walk away.

One of Majorca's greatest assets is its capital, Palma, saved from the worst excesses of tourist development because it has no beach. Sophisticated and elegant, a city of broad palm-lined boulevards and narrow streets concealing Spanish courtyards, it has a promenade as lively as Cannes, noble buildings, tempting restaurants. Towering above all is the cathedral. At its most stunning in late afternoon, in the soft Mediterranean light, the cathedral is still not entirely complete, even though it was started in the time of King James I of Aragon in the 13th century. As generations of skilled sailors and navigators have said, "When we see the cathedral, we know we're home."

Jill Crawshaw is Travel Editor of *The London Standard*



ROBERT HARDING



MICHAEL GRIGGS

TRAVEL FACTS

• KARPATOS •

Getting there: *By air.* No direct flights from the UK. Best route to Karpathos is via Athens and Rhodes. Current inclusive return fares from London: Economy class, £189 to £229 (one class only, Athens-Rhodes-Karpathos). Also charter flights from several UK airports including Gatwick and Luton to Rhodes. This summer's fares likely to be around £150 to £190 from Gatwick. Various operators. Two/three flights daily, Rhodes to Karpathos, by Olympic Airways; fare currently £20. *By ferry.* Service at varying intervals (at least once a week) throughout the year goes from Rhodes to Karpathos (about nine hours) and on to Ayios Nikolaos in Crete. New timetable available in March. Fare Rhodes to Pigadha (Port Karpathos) about £3.50.

Inclusive holidays: Self-catering in studio apartments: one week, £235 to £330; two weeks, £250 to £355 including all travel from Gatwick via Rhodes. Bed and breakfast in range of smaller hotels: one week, £245 to £313; two weeks, £280 to £399, again from Gatwick (Timsway). Villa or *de luxe* apartment holidays for two, three or four sharing, cost for two weeks per person, £337 to £425 including maid service, and all travel from Gatwick. Operates late March to October (Meon).

Addresses: Olympic Airways, 141 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0BB (493 1233). Timsway Holidays, Penn Place, Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire WD3 1RE (0923 771266). Meon Travel, College Street, Petersfield, Hampshire GU32 3JN (0730 66561).

Further information: National Tourist Organization of Greece, 195 Regent Street, London W1R 8DL (734 5997).

• NORTHERN PORTUGAL •

Getting there: *By air.* Air Portugal flies non-stop London to Oporto from Heathrow, and British Airways from Gatwick. Current return fares: Club class, £374; Economy, £104 to £290. *By sea and road.* Brittany Ferries operate a drive-on, drive-off car ferry from Plymouth to Santander, taking 24 hours. Three services weekly. Current single fares: passengers, £42; cars, £48 to £126 according to length and season; berths/cabins, £17 to £94. Return fares double the single. From Santander it is about 385 to 450 miles to the Minho area according to route.

Inclusive holidays: Fly-drive staying at *casas antigas* and based in one centre, one week, £312 to £345; two weeks, £458 to £492; two-centre holiday, £463 to £497 for two weeks. Prices include Air Portugal flight Heathrow to Oporto, self-drive car, accommodation with breakfast, per person based on two sharing. Single rooms (limited number) available at additional cost. In operation May to October (Suntours of Witney). More than 20 other tour operators have holidays to northern Portugal including Caravela Tours, Cox & Kings, Hayes & Jarvis. Full details from travel agents.

Addresses: Air Portugal, Gillingham House, Gillingham Street, London SW1V 1JW (828

2092). Brittany Ferries, Wharf Road, Portsmouth PO2 8RU (0705 819416). Suntours of Witney, Madeira House, Corn Street, Witney, Oxfordshire OX8 7BW (0993 76989).

Further information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 1/5 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0NP (493 3873).

• CARINTHIA •

Getting there: *By air.* By Austrian Airlines via Vienna to Klagenfurt, through-plane flight or connecting service. Current return fares: Executive class, £375; Excursion economy, £89 to £209. *By road.* Klagenfurt is approximately 840 miles from Calais, slightly less from Ostend via Belgium, southern Germany, the Tauern Road Tunnel and Villach.

Inclusive holidays: Millstatt: four-star hotel with half-board, eight nights, £259 to £319; 13 nights £349 to £429. Velden: Schloss Velden Hotel on lakeside with half-board, eight nights, £309 to £399; 13 nights, £429 to £539. All prices include return flight by Austrian Airlines from Heathrow and transfer to and from hotels and are per person, based on two sharing (both are Austro Tours). Other companies which arrange holidays to Carinthia include Cadogan Travel, Raymond Cook, DER Travel Service. Full details from travel agents.

Addresses: Austrian Airlines, 50 Conduit Street, London W1R 0NP (439 0741). Austro Tours, 10 Spencer Street, St Albans, Hertfordshire AL3 5EG (0727 38191).

Further information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 30 St George Street, London W1R 0AL (629 0461).

• CHARENTE MARITIME •

Getting there: *By sea.* Most convenient route is Portsmouth to St Malo by Brittany Ferries. Sailings overnight from UK, by day from France throughout the year. Additional sailings in summer. Single fares: passengers, £22 to £24; cars, £32 to £68; berths, £8.50 to £29. Return fares double these prices. Other suitable routes: Sealink, Portsmouth or Weymouth to Cherbourg; Townsend Thoresen, Portsmouth to Cherbourg.

Inclusive holidays: "Go-as-you please" hotel package in the region using smaller hotels, auberges etc. Cost per person with two sharing: one week, £150 to £190; two weeks, £290 to £360, includes cross-Channel travel for car and passengers, dinner, bed and breakfast (Brittany Ferries). "Taste of France" package by car, using the hotels at Fleurac and la Rochefoucauld. Cost per person with two sharing one week, £161 to £213 with dinner, bed and breakfast, Channel crossing on Dover-Calais for car and passengers. Also available on other crossings at additional cost (Winter Inn).

Addresses: Brittany Ferries, Wharf Road, Portsmouth PO2 8RU (0705 819416). Winter Inn, Park Street, Hovingham, York YO6 4JZ (065382 425).

Further information: French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AL (491 7622).

• CALABRIA •

Getting there: *By air.* No direct scheduled flights from the UK. Quickest route is via Rome to Sant' Eufemia Lamezia airport. Daily from London by Alitalia or British Airways to Rome, then ATI to Lamezia. Current return fares from London: Club class (Economy from Rome), £515; Excursion Economy, £256. Alternatively, fly from London to Naples, again Alitalia or British Airways. Current fares: Club class, £458; Excursion Economy, £149. *By road.* It is approximately 1,300 miles from Calais to the Calabrian area by the most direct route.

Inclusive holidays: Three-star Hotel Riviera on beach at Diamante, two weeks with half-board, flight from Gatwick to Lamezia, £299 to £408. Four-star superior Grand Hotel San Michele, on private beach at Cetraro, two weeks with half-board, flight from Gatwick, £384 to £685 (CIT). Details of a *de luxe* coach tour of Calabria to be announced by CIT in the early spring.

Addresses: Alitalia, 27 Piccadilly, London W1V 9PF (759 2510). CIT (England), 50 Conduit Street, London W1R 9FB (434 3844).

Further information: Italian State Tourist Office, 1 Princes Street, London W1R 8AY (408 1254).

• EASTERN SWITZERLAND •

Getting there: *By air.* Swissair/British Airways fly to both Basle and Zürich (equally good gateways to eastern Switzerland by road or rail) from Heathrow: Dan-Air fly from Gatwick to Zürich. Current return fares to Basle: first class (Swissair only), £346; Club, £260; Eurobudget Economy, £224; Excursion, all restricted, £150, £123, £99. Fares to Zürich a few pounds extra in each case. Dan-Air Zürich return fares: economy class, £272 (unrestricted); £157, £129, £99 (restricted). *By road.* Schaffhausen in north-east Switzerland is approximately 485 miles from Calais via eastern France and Basle. *By rail.* Although neither the shortest nor the cheapest route, the most scenic is via the Rhine valley. Depart London (Liverpool Street) mid-evening, travel via Harwich-Hook of Holland, train to Utrecht, immediate connexion to the "Rheingold" (Trans-Europ Express—first class only with club car) via Cologne and Basle, arriving in Zürich around 4pm. Return fare on this route London-Zürich, £193 (holders of Senior Citizen European Railcard, £139) plus £4 supplement each way. Berths on Sealink ferry one way, £9.50 in two berth, £19 in single.

Inclusive holidays: At Appenzell, choice of hotels, one week with bed & breakfast, £200 to £276; with half-board, £228 to £332. Includes scheduled return flights Zürich from London (Kuoni).

Addresses: British Airways, PO Box 10, Heathrow Airport (London), Hounslow TW6 2JA (759 5511). Swissair, Swiss Centre, 10 Wardour Street, London W1V 4BJ (439 4144). Dan-Air, 36 New Broad Street, London EC2M 1NH (638 1747). Kuoni

Travel, Kuoni House, Dorking RH15 4AZ (0306 885954).

Further information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 1 New Coventry Street, London W1V 3EE (734 1921).

• HAMBURG •

Getting there: *By air.* Lufthansa have three or four flights daily. Current return fares: first class, £312; Economy class fares range from £79 to £224 with various conditions. Route also served by British Airways and PanAm. *By sea.* DFDS Seaways operate a drive-on, drive-off service from Harwich to Hamburg, taking about 20 hours. Three services each way in summer, fewer in winter. Passenger fares: £25 to £99 according to sleeping accommodation; Commodore class including breakfast, £75 to £124 according to cabin. Cars, £36. If four or more travel in the car it goes free.

Inclusive holidays: Short breaks (three nights) by air from London with bed and breakfast in first-class hotel in Hamburg, £237 to £248 (DER Travel). Using the ferry, a six-night holiday (four in Hamburg) with choice of hotel with bed and breakfast, £125 to £255 according to hotel and cabin. Extra days available, £15 to £30 a day (DFDS).

Addresses: Lufthansa, 10 Old Bond Street, London W1X 4EN (408 0442). DFDS Seaways, 199 Regent Street, London W1R 7WA (434 1523). DER Travel Service, 15 Orchard Street, London W1H 0AY (486 4593).

Further information: German National Tourist Office, 61 Conduit Street, London W1R 0EN (734 2600).

• MAJORCA •

Getting there: *By air.* Iberia and Air Europe operate scheduled services from Heathrow and Gatwick respectively to Palma. Current return fares: Executive class, £316; Eurobudget Economy, £270; Excursion Economy, £188. Charter flights from 12 UK airports. Sample return fares from Gatwick or Luton, £85 to £160, according to date of travel.

Inclusive holidays: Hotel Son Vida Sherraton, *de luxe*, with bed and breakfast: one week, £283 to £427; two weeks, £480 to £657, from Gatwick or Heathrow to Palma (Sovereign). Hotel Es Moli in Deyá, half-board: one week, £309 to £384; two weeks, £493 to £603, from Heathrow (Mundi Color). Hotel Moderno in Puerto de Andraitx, bed and breakfast: one week, £104 to £214; two weeks, £125 to £228, from Gatwick or Luton (Thomson).

Addresses: Sovereign Holidays, British Airways, PO Box 10, Heathrow Airport (London); Hounslow TW6 2JA (759 5511). Mundi Color, OTA Travel, 276 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 1BE (834 3492). Thomson Holidays, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7SD (387 9321).

Further information: Spanish National Tourist Office, 57 St James's Street, London SW1A 1LD (499 0901).

DAVID TENNANT

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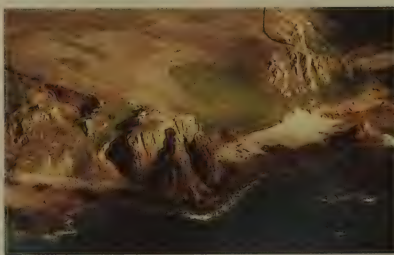
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ARCHAEOLOGY 3023

In Jersey's mammoth graveyard

Paul Callow, of Cambridge University, describes Neanderthal remains found in the fossil-rich ravines of the La Cotte headland, Jersey.



An article about the earliest inhabitants of Europe was published in *The Illustrated London News* of May 27, 1911. It resulted from the discovery on the island of Jersey of teeth belonging to Neanderthal man, *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis*, replaced in western Europe by our own species, *Homo sapiens sapiens*, around 35,000 years ago. After three quarters of a century these remain the only unquestionable British Neanderthal fossils. By the 1920s little was thought to be left in the site, which had yielded a rich haul of human and animal remains accompanied by stone tools and manufacturing debris. But the remarkable endeavours of a retired schoolteacher, the Reverend Christian Burdo, followed by 24 years of research by a team based at the University of Cambridge, have resulted in further and remarkably rich archaeological finds. The investigations also throw light on the complex and violent environmental changes that occurred during the past 250,000 years and on early man's response to them.

La Cotte du St Breleud, in south-west Jersey, consists of a T-shaped set of three ravines in a granite headland some 170 feet high. The stem points due west; at high tide it is entered by the sea, which has removed part of the deposits (farther inside, these rose to about 120 feet before their upper part was excavated in the 1930s). The recent discoveries were made in the northern

arm, which is bridged by a spectacular rock arch where it meets the stem.

During the 1950s Burdo worked almost single-handed, removing thousands of tons of rubble and revealing fresh archaeological deposits. Illness forced him to stop, and in 1961 Professor Charles McBurney of the University of Cambridge began a series of excavations which lasted until 1978. The coastal situation of La Cotte put him in mind of caves in the French and Italian Riviera: in these, marine erosion had shaped "fossil cliffs" similar to curious vertical features which had puzzled Burdo. He dug deeper, finding a pebble beach laid down when the sea-level was slightly higher than today's, around 125,000 years ago. The strata eroded by the sea were therefore even older.

The site gained new importance with the discovery of two obviously deliberate piles of mammoth and woolly rhinoceros bones; moreover, during the Cambridge excavations alone, well over 100,000 pieces of worked stone were recovered. St. McBurney did not live to analyse and publish the finds. It fell to me to recruit most of the specialists for this undertaking, and to carry out one further excavation to clear up outstanding problems.

The key to the story of La Cotte—its archaeology as well as its environment—is the position of Jersey in shallow waters on the continental shelf, only 16 miles from the main-

land. Around 125,000 years ago it was an unpeopled island. At another site, bones of red deer have been found resting on the fossil beach. Dwarfed to the size of a large dog, they were victims of a phenomenon that sometimes affects "marooned" animals and which once gave rise to pigmy mammoths on islands off California, and pigmy elephants on Cyprus. When ice sheets extended over much of northern Europe (though never into the English Channel) the loss to the ocean of a large volume of water resulted in lowered sea-level. At such times January mean temperatures for Jersey were around -40°C .

Neither of these situations favoured human visits during the Old Stone Age. Indeed, not one find has been made on the other Channel Islands, which to be accessible by land require a sea-level of below -100 feet, implying a rather severe climate. But a fall to -40 or -50 feet would have been sufficient to place Jersey on the end of a peninsula, while with a slight further drop it would have stood in a wide plain, several miles from the sea. The contrast between these two landscapes is of the greatest importance to early man, who was able to exploit both in different ways.

Laboratory studies show that the first human occupation occurred during a period of temperate climate long before that represented by the fossil cliff. Age estimates obtained by reheating burnt flints and measuring the tiny amounts of light emitted (energy accumulated as a result of radioactivity in the surrounding sediments) average 238,000 years for layers immediately above a soil which formed under the conditions comparable to today's. Similar soils developed during and shortly after the cutting of the cliff. There are two principal kinds of sediment, differing in the size of their finer constituents: gritty sand formed under temperate climate by decomposition of the granite of the headland itself, and fine silt (loess) which was transported by the wind from estuaries and the exposed bed of the English Channel during cold periods when the sea was lower than at present.

Their alternation in the sequence seen in the excavations, together with information from pollen and animal remains, permits reconstruction of a long history of changing climate and landscape.

Thus the first occupation took place around 250,000 years ago, when Jersey was a wooded peninsula; soil-forming processes have destroyed the bone in these lowest strata. Later a major climatic change occurred, with less deposition and severe frost effects; open grassland deteriorated to a more barren landscape and arctic plants and animal species during the coldest, driest phases, and at times the site was abandoned by man. Resting on top of



A mammoth skull, its teeth towards the camera, found in the lower of two piles of fossilized mammoth and rhino bones, believed to be the remains of big-game butchery.

two of the occupation layers, and buried by loess, were the piles of large animal bones. After the fossil beach and cliff (and more of the granite sand) loess was again deposited, with the last archaeological layers at its base.

The earliest occupants used tools characterized by large notches or carefully made saw-tooth edges, on flakes from flint beach pebbles (originating from mid Channel chert beds). Although no direct proof of their function has been obtained, they would have been better adapted to processing vegetable materials than meat or skins. Later on, still under temperate conditions, they were superseded by finely worked scrapers, usually with straight edges. Nothing about this industry would be out of place 50,000 years ago, yet it is older than this by a factor of four or five.

The predominant tools in the overlying loess were conical-edged scrapers well suited to dressing animal skins, and bearing microscopic wear traces arising from such activities. Industrial developments included occurrence of hand axes, increased use of quartz and other coarse rocks, reduced average size, and extensive retouching.

The final pre-beach industry was in the same tradition as that preceding it, but with important differ-

ences. Flint accounted for only a quarter of the raw material but the tools were much larger. Unique to this layer was a series of thick, elongated points, probably for spears. Half were damaged (by impact?), presumably discarded when weapons were repaired. The tools post-dating the fossil beach, and associated with the Neanderthal phase, were likewise dominated by scrapers. Flint was almost universally employed and resharpening was extremely rare.

This industrial sequence provides a remarkable insight into early man's adaptation to changing environment. During the early temperate phase the sea was very close to the site, and beaches provided a ready source of flint. The pebbles were brought into the ravines, where all stages of manufacture were performed; considerable profligacy in the use of raw material is apparent.

Under cooler conditions the retreat of the sea and development of a blanket of loess over the beaches meant that collection and transport required more effort. Each piece of flint was made to last longer, frequently being resharpened until too small to use, while other less desirable but more easily obtained rocks were often employed—"a strategy of desperation".

Eventually the flint-rich beaches

were 5 to 10 miles away, so a new policy, "curstion", was adopted. Most of the tools were made at source; at La Cotte itself some were discarded after use and others during repair of hunting equipment. Little flint manufacturing debris is present, therefore, but local rocks were worked on the spot. This trend is reversed in the latest (post-beach) industry, perhaps because of 40,000 to 50,000 years of supply renewal by the sea.

The most spectacular finds are the two bone heaps. The earlier yielded remains of at least nine mammoths (there are nine fairly complete skulls) and two rhinos, the other yielded 11 mammoths (mainly post-cranial bones) and three rhinos (including skulls). They had been deliberately stacked against the west wall, in the upper one some mammoth scapulae were piled tidily together and a pair of rhino skulls were perched on top of the heap, while in the lower one skulls had been smashed at the base, probably for the brains.

La Cotte is a ready-made trap, offering a sheer drop of more than 100 feet at the end of a headland which would have funnelled stampeding animals to their death. The almost exclusive occurrence of rhino and mammoth in the heaps (the fauna of the underlying occupation layers is more varied) makes it unlikely that man merely exploited a couple of fortunate accidents, but took advantage of isolated groups of vulnerable animals on the plateau whenever possible, though normally relying on routine hunting.

Dietary information is lacking for the lowest layers, but the deciduous woodland of the peninsula must have been rich in food throughout the year, and it would be unwise to assume that La Cotte's occupants required an extensive territory. With the development of a wide, grassy coastal strip (now dominated by the North European plain) and the arrival of large and probably migratory herds of herbivores, including horse and reindeer, greater human mobility is probable, and La Cotte may have been one of a series of sites visited seasonally or opportunistically.

The variety and impressiveness of the finds from La Cotte are exceptional (and over the past century it has yielded more worked flints than have been recorded for the Old Stone Age from the whole of the island of Jersey). It is not the least important feature of the site is the interplay between climate and sea-level, landscape and geology, and human and animal behaviour. In recognition of its immense scientific value the owners, La Société Jerseyaise des Antiquités, have agreed to reserve the site for future workers. A definitive report is in press and the finds will eventually be displayed in the Jersey Museum.

The four-wheel revolution

Stuart Marshall appraises the benefits of four-wheel drive and examines its growing popularity

If all four wheels of a car bring it to a stop when the brakes are applied, it seems logical that they should play an equal part in driving it along. Harry Ferguson, the Ulster inventor who revolutionized agriculture 40 years ago with his three-point implement linkage for tractors, fervently believed in permanent four-wheel drive for all cars. In the 1950s he proposed and promoted a system that combined four-wheel drive with anti-lock brakes. But it was greeted with a massive indifference by the car makers and Ferguson died a disappointed man.

Now his thinking has belatedly been recognized as correct. The automotive industry world-wide is in the throes of a minor revolution in which four-wheel drive is sweeping the scene in a way few would have predicted seven or eight years ago.

Four-wheel drive is, in itself, nothing new. As far back as the First World War there were lorries which had all wheels driven so they could cross difficult terrain. In the Second World War the immortal Jeep changed the face of off-road personal transport and still influences the design of light cross-country vehicles. What Ferguson was proposing, and what the industry is now falling over itself to adopt, is four-wheel drive for use on hard-surfaced highways, not on mud, sand and snow.

Four-wheel drive makes road-going cars, especially those with a high power-to-weight ratio, better balanced and thus easier and safer to drive. But there are various kinds of all-wheel drive and it is important to understand the difference between them.

Permanent, or full-time, four-wheel drive is built into the car as an essential part of its design. The suspension is set up to exploit the fact that all the wheels are powered. The car will handle better than it would with only front- or rear-wheel drive, especially on wet roads, and the safety margin is higher. Selectable, or on-demand, four-wheel drive is a different proposition. Vehicles with it are driven on hard roads with only the front or rear axle powered. Its purpose is to increase traction in difficult conditions.

Examples of vehicles with permanent four-wheel drive are the Range Rover, Lada Niva, all Audi quattro models and Ford's 4x4 Granada and Sierra. They can be driven on hard, dry roads in all-wheel drive because their design allows the front and rear wheels to revolve at different speeds without creating strain in the transmission. This is critically important.



If there is no way of relieving inter-connected front and rear axles of the strain caused by their trying to go at different speeds, the steering tightens up and there is heavy wear on tyres and mechanical parts.

Such cars have either a conventional set of differential gears incorporated in the drive line, in addition to the front and rear differentials, or a device called a viscous coupling. This, the secret of Ferguson's four-wheel drive system, controls the relative rotation between the drives to the front and rear axles. It lets the front and rear wheels turn at different speeds (as when the car is cornering) but also locks up if, for example, the rear wheels are spinning on ice and the front ones are still gripping. Thus it both relieves mechanical stress and maximizes traction.

Although it sounds complicated, nothing could be simpler for the driver as the operation of the viscous coupling is completely automatic. He knows it is there only because there is no tugging on the steering on right-angled turns and sure handling regardless of road surface. The security and freedom from misbehaviour that come with permanent all-wheel drive have to be experienced to be believed.

The on-demand, or selectable four-wheel drive car is much simpler than those whose four wheels are permanently driven. No centre differential or viscous coupling is needed because the four-wheel drive is used only on surfaces which demand extra traction. Because tyre grip is low, enough slippage takes place to eliminate the "winding-up" in the transmission.

Subaru, the Japanese manufacturer, pioneered selectable four-wheel drive on its estate cars and pick-up trucks. It calls them all-road vehicles to make the point that they are capable of negotiating any kind of road, even if it is only a rutted, slithery track across a farm or a desert trail. Some Subarus have twin-range transmission, with an extra set of low gears for use on exceptionally steep hills or when more pulling power is needed. The extra engine braking available in low range is invaluable when descending sharp gradients in wintry weather. Although Subaru does not claim that its vehicles are suitable for genuine off-road operation, they are astonishingly agile, even tackling terrain where many owners of real off-road 4x4s might fear to go.

Yet on main roads the Subarus behave like the normal front-wheel-driven cars they are. Other makers have followed Subaru's lead. There are now on-demand four-wheel-driven versions of such cars as the Fiat Panda, Alfa Romeo 33 and Toyota Tercel on sale in Britain, and just about every small car exhibited at the recent Tokyo motor show was offered with it. Selectable four-wheel drive is a boon to anyone living in an area liable to heavy snow in winter, or who has to use the kind of rural track on which a normal car is liable to come to a standstill.

Permanent all-wheel drive, however, is the more significant development. Discounting the Jensen FF, a handful of which were made in the early 1960s, Audi was first in the field with its Quattro Coupé and all its cars are now offered with four-wheel drive.

The Ford Granada's permanent four-wheel drive corners well at speed.

Audi splits the power 50:50 between front and rear. Ford takes the view that as buyers of the Granada and Sierra 4x4 models will have become used to rear-wheel drive in the past, the power delivery should be biased to the rear wheels, which take 67 per cent of the engine's output while 33 per cent goes to the front. Volkswagen does exactly the opposite with its Golf 4x4, in which the transmission delivers most of the power to the front wheels, the lesser proportion to the back. That retains typically front-wheel drive handling, which is what VW drivers prefer.

BMW has already announced one all-wheel-driven version of the 325, using a similar transmission to Ford. Mercedes-Benz will in the next few weeks introduce another variation—a fully automatic system that first locks the rear differential, next reduces the power going to the back wheels to control tyre slip and then, if all has failed, brings in front-wheel drive.

Four-wheel drive, whether permanent or selectable, has to be used responsibly. It is still dependent on tyre grip, and if conditions are so bad that adhesion between tyre and road is negligible all-wheel drive will not help. What all-wheel drive does is to let a motorist exploit reduced grip between tyre and road more effectively. In that way it is a considerable safety factor. But if all-wheel drive is used to maintain unreasonably high speeds in slippery conditions, it merely means that the accident, when it comes, will be that much worse ○

REVIEWS

CINEMA

Broadway hits the screen

BY GEORGE PERRY

Broadway has been one of the cinema's most fecund sources of material but although countless films have depicted life there—many of them enjoyable, if anodyne, entertainment only a few have genuinely caught that peculiar aura hanging over the few seedy blocks of midtown Manhattan that constitute the "theatre district". My personal favourites are *All About Eve*, the Joseph Mankiewicz portrait of a monstrous star toppled by an eager ingénue, and Alexander Mackendrick's *Sweet Smell of Success*, in which Burt Lancaster plays a vicious columnist revelling like a smug Caligula in his power to smash lives. The mordant comment, "That's show business!", uttered after the description of some poignant tragedy, was first heard in this 1957 film.

But Broadway's most celebrated contribution to the joy of mankind is not straight theatre, but the musical. The cinema had to talk before the transition could be made to the screen, but after Bessie Love and Anita Page made *Broadway Melody* in 1929 the die was cast. In spite of its excellent score this backstage film was totally overshadowed four years later by *42nd Street*, the greatest of all the "putting-on-a-show" musicals, which not only offered stunning Busby Berkeley-staged numbers, but an insight into the sweat and dedication of theatre people.

It took nearly 50 years for it to transfer in triumph to the Broadway stage. It has taken 10 years for the most successful, longest-lived Broadway musical to be turned into a film. But both, in spite of the 53-year gap between them, can be regarded as the landmarks, the pinnacles of their genre.

The inspiration for *A Chorus Line* came from its stage director and choreographer Michael Bennett, who in the early 1970s urged a number of dancers to talk into a tape recorder. The show adopted a

simple format—the audience eavesdrops on the selection process for a big Broadway musical, and a director at the back of the theatre requires his 17 most promising aspirants to talk about themselves in order for him to select four boys and four girls. The resulting production, with its score by Marvin Hamlisch, collected many awards and is still running at the Shubert Theatre today.

The film rights were sold as long ago as 1976 but, for various reasons, it has taken this long to reach the screen. The wait was worth it—Sir Richard Attenborough has proved the most admirable choice of director, someone far enough from the subject in both distance and age, but possessing the necessary energy to keep up with the young, athletic cast and to be able to respect the material without being overawed by it. His touch is unerring, from the heart-stopping helicopter shots of New York at the beginning to the finale in which dancers in golden glittery costumes multiply and fill the mirrored stage in precise lines to the insistent, repetitious vamp of "One", a number designed to show how their disparate personalities must be merged into a homogenous entity.

Wisely, Attenborough and the screenwriter Arnold Schulman have resisted the temptation to "open up", and have confined the action almost entirely to the four walls of a

real Broadway theatre, turned into a studio for several months last winter.

Apart from the excellent Michael Douglas as Zach, the director/choreographer who has allowed his talent take charge of him, the cast is largely unknown, although Audrey Landers as Val, a small-town girl who came to New York hoping to become a Radio City Rockette, will be familiar to viewers of *Dallas*. Alyson Reed, as Cassie, the lead dancer and Zach's former lover who went to Hollywood, failed there and wants to get back on the line, is a tremendous discovery for the cinema.

Hamlisch has supplied two new songs which remove any suggestion that the piece has dated, as does the remarkable choreography by Jeffrey Hornaday.

A Chorus Line is an astonishing tribute to the vitality and power of the Broadway musical—an evocative, exciting achievement which, *Gandhi* notwithstanding, is the best film Attenborough has directed.

Romantic cinema is evoked in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, directed by Hector Babenco, from a best-selling novel by Manuel Puig, adapted by Leonard Schrader. William Hurt plays a homosexual locked up in a metropolitan jail in South America with a political prisoner, played by Raul Julia. To while away the long, dark hours he describes episodes

from the plot of a 1940s pro-Nazi movie, and gradually draws his heterosexual cell-mate towards him while at the same time dangerously posing as a stool-pigeon for the authorities. It is a touching, masterly performance by one of the best newer American actors, a finely judged study that never exceeds credibility.

THEATRE

Shaffer's unedifying Biblical tale


BY J. C. TREWIN

Who is the man Yonadab, title-figure of Peter Shaffer's new play on the Olivier stage of the National? We can look for him (as Jonadab) in the 13th chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, described there as "a very subtle man", King David's nephew. His cousin Amnon, David's son, is heart-sick for Tamar, his half-sister, overcome (says Shaffer) "by total remorse for a crime he has yet to commit". Yonadab suggests, in Biblical phrase, how the girl can be "forced", a plan Amnon accepts. We might say of a not particularly ➤➤



Richard Attenborough's *A Chorus Line*. It has all the power and vitality of the Broadway musical.

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» editing narrative, as the critic Lionel Hale said once of a Jacobean tragedy. "The incest is sustained throughout."

Alan Bates, who is on stage the whole evening, tells us at once that he is a watcher, a special correspondent from the seamy past, adding in effect that voyeurism is the human ability least diminished by the passage of time. We see the tale, the Bible's and Shaffer's, through his eyes (the eyes of a disbeliever in the god Job's) the grimmest in and outside Jerusalem, that stone city on a stony hill, 1,000 years on.

He is a craftily cynical personage, this looker-on. Mr Bates, fine actor that he is, has some ado to save him from a creeping monotony while he acts as commentator upon an expansion of the original fragment that need not, I think, have been expanded in this way. The eternal outsider, Yonadab gets through on his wits, but lacking the passionate beliefs and desires of the others on view. All night, on the right-angled stage, he chats to us in a confidential, matter-of-course style, needlessly anachronistic at times ("geiger counter", "computer"), moving towards his sole purpose to cloquence only in the ebb of the play. Among the major troubles is the presence of the language of Shaffer kept to the plainer statements, and it is a sudden surprise at the end to hear David in the true simplicity of the brief lament for Absalom.

The Old Testament rarely translates easily to the theatre. Here I do find it difficult to imagine why so usually assured a dramatist insisted on writing this piece; it owes what force it has in performance to the playing of Sir Peter Hall's National. Cast I am sure that an undeniably generous reception at the premiere was prompted largely by gratitude to a company that never failed, and to a direction able to fortify every scene, whether full-stage or outside the gauze curtains with their Hebrew calligraphy. One thing Shaffer can do: he lets the scenes melt into each other as economically as possible, and in so long an evening this is a bonus.

Alan Bates, whether in the action or not, spying, dreaming, speculating, is always at hand, a confidant seldom at a loss, though for long stretches I did wish that he would say something memorable.

Annun, at Yonadab's hinting, is ready to palliate incest as, after all, a holy rite: did not Osiris and his couple in a world before the relentless Jahweh or David's Leigh Lawson acts gallantly as a man whose obsession, however he has sought to deny it, is no more than incest. His brother Absalom, who finally has him slaughtered (beyond the gauze) in one of the night's full-scale realizations of a brutal world, needs all the colour Anthony Head—with that fatal head of hair—can give. Absa-

lon's own death seems to be the night's afterthought, as well as any pressing actor as Patrick Stewart's there to mount a reasonable portrait of a selfish, loving outcast, King of Judah and Israel, 'great father' of his family.

Theatrically, the raped Tamar must come through as well as any body. Wendy Morgan has the measure of her petulance, rage and ultimate transformation to a Hebrew prophetess. But, as the night goes on, we do miss any true, exciting flame of language.

OPERA

The dark world of Don Giovanni

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Of all operatic characters, Don Giovanni is the endless scope for interpretation. The previous English National Opera production presented him as a swashbuckling romantic, swinging across the stage on a chandelier. Jonathan Miller's new production at the Coliseum uncovers the darker side of his personality that of a man so driven by lust that it excludes all other thoughts from his mind. He even functions in darkness, like some kind of sexual vampire who preys on his victims under cover of night. The libretto directs that it is night when Giovanni attempts his seduction of Donna Anna, and one can accept that the slightly batty Donna Elvira might be wandering the streets after dark in search of her vanished lover; there is even no reason why Zerlina and Masetto should not be holding a roistering nocturnal wedding party.

The two ladies are interestingly contrasted in voice and temperament. Felicity Lott's soft-ginger tones convey Elvira's unhappiness and the tenderness she feels for Giovanni even as she rails against him in 'Alhi chi mi dice mal'; and her account of 'Mi tradi' and the recitative that precedes it is intensely touching as she stands clutching to her Giovanni's discarded cloak. Silly she may be and no longer young, but she is one of his defenceless victims.

Anna, on the other hand, having escaped his seduction attempt, is sung by Josephine Barrow with the fury of an avenging angel, but she produces beautifully controlled singing in 'Non mi dir', the aria she addresses to Don Ottavio. This kindly pillar of respectability, in his unflattering costume, is rather solidly sung by Maldwyn Davies.

Returning to a role in which he has long excelled, Richard Van Allan tempers cold disenchantment with a measure of sardonic humour in his



Lesley Garrett and William Shimell in *Don Giovanni*.

the three conceals the Commendatore's flag-decked tomb, dominated by his statue.

In the title role William Shimell's youthful appearance belies the horrifying total of his conquests catalogued by Leporello, but he assumes the cold heedlessness of the practised seducer and sings with a hard-edged elegance that suits the role. Only in his serenade to Elvira's servant, when we hear Giovanni exercising his métier, does he infuse any warmth into his voice. In 'L'ci darem!' it was as though he were not really trying, yet Lesley Garrett's Zerlina was ripe for plucking a woman almost ready to play him at his own game. This is a splendidly sung, earthly characterization. Her unhardened Masetto, sung by Mark Richardson, is refreshingly aware that he is no match for her sharp wits.

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the only person around aged over 40. The costumes for this act are all in autumnal shades which blend with but are not lost against the russet forest background. Act II is a very unhalloved part of the forest, just right for Willis, with blasted and uprooted trees and a grave for Giselte which for once, and rightly, looks new-made, with a roughly carved wooden cross. How often have we seen a Celtic stone cross encrusted with the moss of decades.

The production irons out several difficulties and illogicalities which infect other interpretations. For example, Giselte in her he-loves-me, he-loves-not passage, does not remove all the petals from the daisy; she takes off two and is then able to see that the answer is going to be negative. So she drops the flower—which avoids the scrambled ruin that usually ensues here and also enables Albrecht to pick it up, swiftly remove another petal and 'prove' that his love is true.

I liked, too, the way Albrecht tries to flee before the arrival of the hunting party, only to find his exits repeatedly blocked by various members of it who have not gone into Giselte's cottage with Bathilde, so that he is trapped. The interpretation of Bathilde is another innovation that worked well. As portrayed by Genesio Rosato, she arrives in a bad mood—she overlooks all the good things on this hill at all, for she is not dressed for it, and wants to abandon it then and there. Only Papa, the Duke of Courland, insists on continuing, so Bathilde goes into the cottage alone. (We frequently see a quart being poured into a pint pot, as the entire court processes into a tiny hut!) Bathilde is very much the *grande dame*, even when she is trying to be gracious to Giselte; she is pettish and selfish and would clearly have given Albrecht a hard time had the marriage contract ever been fulfilled.

As the premiere Giselte was danced by Lesley Collier, touching in her madness, and for once convincingly stabbing herself, not dying of a broken heart; she also coped with the technical demands of Act II. Albrecht was Stephen Jeffers, one of the best I have seen, attentive, careless in his philandering, rather ruthless and with a built-in excuse in the production's peevish Bathilde. Guy Niblett was a manly Hilario, less villainous than most; his unmasking of 'Joys' seemed as much a triumph as any for Giselte. Giselte's cottage, for example, is an odd affair, a ramshackle arrangement of laths and timbers which appears to have enlisted the support of a pine tree in order to keep itself erect. But Act II is convincingly lived-in, with piles of flogs prepared for the coming winter—which has arrived by Act II—and some older peasants to dress the stage: an improvement on the usual, where Berthe is often

Who's who of royal Windsor

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Kings, Queens and Courtiers

by Kenneth Rose
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95

Sub-titled "Intimate Portraits of the Royal House of Windsor from its foundation to the present day", this entertaining work of reference by the author of a notable biography of George V will command a wide readership. Kenneth Rose has something of the talent of Aubrey in his *Brief Lives* when he writes a short piece and Dr Johnson in his *The Lives of the Poets* when he does a longer essay. The book is great fun to browse through and one can safely assume, despite the absence of bibliography and notes, that he has taken the advice of President Routh of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died in his 100th year in 1855: "Sir, you will always find it a very good plan to always to verify your references, sir."

Mr Rose covers major, minor and peripheral figures. The names are in alphabetical order as in *Who's Who* and they are by no means confined to royalty and royal relations, or even to courtiers in the usual sense of the word. For example, Lady Coleridge (1874-1950) is in because she was a relentless lion hunter who managed to ensnare King Edward VIII. Thomas Cook, third Earl of Leicester (1848-1941) is in because as owner of Holkham he was a Norfolk neighbour of George V at Sandringham.

They were rivals rather than friends. Lady Leicester once said to her recollection: "It is a long time since the King and Queen have been to Holkham. Shall I ask them to luncheon?" The Earl replied: "No, Alice, don't encourage them." It is far from clear why 11th Baron Middleton (1887-1970) is included at all, for his entry in the book reveals no connexion with the House of Windsor, but someone who claimed to have advertised for a curate in *Horse and Hound* ought to be in a book—and why not this one?

Mr Rose gives us a mass of odd and amusing information. "Chips" Channon, celebrated diarist and friend of royalty, acquired his nickname because he once had a friend called Fish. Some of Channon's remarks do not exactly warm one to him. "I faced the cocktails with Benzeneidine, which I find always makes the party go," he notes. When Channon made his comment on the death of Emerald Cunard in 1948 deserves to be recorded: "London society has had a horrible blow. There is only me left." Lady Cunard could be fairly rude to that pillar of the London *Debut* market. When Channon dined at the rich, well-dressed guests at a wedding reception in 1946 and said complacently: "This is what we have been fighting for," she replied: "What, are they all Poles?" However, as the author rightly observes, "Too much censoriousness would be mis-

placed. The foibles of a Boswell are of less use than his recollections of Lord John Russell."

Mr Rose is very good value on the late Duke of Gloucester in whom the Hanoverian streak was more obvious than in most contemporary royals. At the opening of a fruit and flower show he spoke only once: "What a bloody big marrow! Glad I don't have to eat it." And at a performance of *Tosca* on a state visit he watched Maria Callas plunge over the battlements and said in all too carrying tones: "Well, if she's really dead we can all go home." He could scarcely have been less of his son, the present Duke of Gloucester, who is a tectototaler and a vigorous campaigner against tobacco. It has to be admitted that any member of the royal family might well take up that cause. The lives of Edward VIII and George VI are very good. The Duke of Windsor would almost certainly be appreciated by heavy smoking.

I am not sure quite who the author has chosen his subjects. If one can count all those who have ever been friends of the royal family the net is wide indeed. It is in this capacity that Lady Diana Cooper, Duchess of Windsor, would almost certainly be appreciated by heavy smoking. "Papa" on seeing a photograph of Harry Cust, a notorious womaniser. The Duke of Connaught declared in 1917 that she was "the only possible

wife that could keep the Prince of Wales on the throne." The truth of this implausible judgment was never tested. Instead she married Duff Cooper, son of a doctor who specialised in embarrassing diseases. "There have been," observes the author, "more eternal triangles in the world than in the whole of Facit."

Mr Rose is very sound on the perennial royal problem of allegations of extravagance. He quotes Bagehot: "There are arguments for not having a court and there are arguments for having a splendid court, but there are no arguments for having a mean court." He points out that one persistent critic who protested at the Queen Mother's Civil List being raised after 20 years from £70,000 to £95,000 omitted to say that his parliamentary salary had been quadrupled in the same period. The truth is that only a few sour puritanical radicals begrudge the royal family the grandeur in which they live. Whatever the case for "the King on a bicycle" may be in Scandinavia few would welcome such a change here.

This is a most enjoyable book, there is much to read and the author steers a skilful line between sycophancy and debunking. He is amusing without being irreverent, and is candid without muck-raking—quite an achievement for a book on royalty.

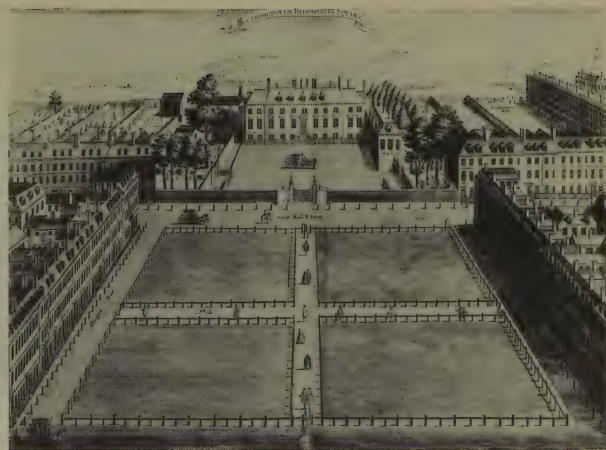
freedom and not because it causes pain.

Mary Gordon's new novel also threatens the lives of children but not disturbingly so. It should perhaps be more disturbing than it is. I was aware throughout *Men and Angels* that the small children threatened by the arrival of the religious maniac Laura, who has come to look after them, would not come to any harm. The heroine of this powerful novel is Anne, who is working on a catalogue for a major exhibition of a neglected American painter. She urgently needs someone to look after her children aged six and nine while she works. Against her instincts she allows Laura to be the *au pair*, unaware of the extent of her instability and her conviction that she is one of the chosen of the Lord. For anyone who selects other people to look after their children, this is an unvarying tale. On the face of it, Laura seems pleasant enough although slightly cumbersome, with her heavy sweater and large feet. The reader is let into the secrets of Laura's confessions, in particular that of leaving Anne. Gradually the tension of the shadowy atmosphere builds up to a marvelous finale during which the children nearly die, but Laura dies instead, a victim of Anne's inability to love her. "She could do it now. The final thing, the violent thing. No more must she be wise as experience and as she is as she is. She was the Angel of the Lord... She had cleaned the house with water, she would cleanse it now in blood."

I found Laura slightly too obvious a person: why do people who are religious so often in books turn out to be misanthropes? I have never erred a more subtle treatment of an unlovable character.

Angela Carter's collection of short stories, *Black Venus*, contains some memorable work, such as the title story based on the life of the black slave girl, Boudier, who became a languorous mistress. Angela Carter takes great care with language, producing sentences which frequently verge on poetry: "Nights of October, of frail, sickle moons, when the earth conceals its shining accomplice of assistants in its shadows, to make everything all the more mysterious..."

Humour and sharp observation never far away. "She cast a long shadow in the firelight. She was a woman of immense height, the type of those beautiful giantsess who, 40 years later, would grace the stages of the Crazy Horse or the Casino de Paris, divinely tall, the colour and texture of suede, 'Josephine Baker'! But vivacity, exuberance were never Jeanne's qualities. A slumbrous resentment of anything you were not, even love, of smoke, ice, burn, was her salient characteristic. Consumption, combustion, these were her vocations."



Private Palaces

by Christopher Simon Sykes
Chatto & Windus, £15.95

This illustrated edition of Bloomsbury Square with Southampton House and the hills of Hampstead and Highgate beyond was engraved by Sutton Nicholls in 1754 and is included in Christopher Sykes's study of the great London houses from the 17th to 19th centuries. They were houses of elegance and ostentation, and few of them now survive. Most of the

great houses about which anything is known were the property of ministers and courtiers or both. Southampton House, for example, was built in the reign of Charles II by the fourth Earl of Southampton, then Lord High Treasurer. It is thought to have been designed by John Webb, and was built in brick. Pepys took a stroll past the buildings in 1664 and found them "a great and noble work", and Evelyn visited the house in the following year. He considered

it far too low, though he was impressed by some of its noble rooms. Near the centre of town, with openish Hamelin behind it, was a perfect combination of town and country house.

In so vividly re-creating an age that was, by means both of lavish illustration and of text that makes effective use of contemporary writings, Christopher Sykes has done a great service to all who are interested in London life and history.

RECENT FICTION

Darkness and death in London

BY SALLY EMERSON

Hawksmoor

by Peter Ackroyd
Hamish Hamilton, £8.95

Men and Angels

by Mary Gordon
Chatto & Windus, £8.95

Black Venus

by Angela Carter
Chatto & Windus, £8.95

This January, like most Januarys, is a thin time for novels. Publishers are wary of producing their best books because they fear the shops are already overstocked with un sold Christmas books. Besides, they claim people do not buy books in January

(but what about all those book tokens?), Laurie Lee modestly claims that the great success of his 1959 *Cider with Rosie* was because it was one of the few books published in January: it received all the press coverage and review space available.

Instead of covering the few dull novels published this month I shall look back on some of the first-class books I did not have space to cover during the autumn months.

Top of many people's list when considering the best novels of 1985 is undoubtedly Peter Ackroyd's *Hawksmoor*. It is a brilliant and prolific author. His last novel, *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde*, is one of the books that makes reviewing worthwhile, original, surprising, accomplished. His eight published books (two of them volumes of poetry) include his biography of T. S. Eliot which won the 1984 Whitbread prize for biography. *Hawksmoor* has won the 1985 Whitbread prize for fiction.

In *Hawksmoor*, Ackroyd displays the skill with language which helped

make *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde* (written in the first person) so breathtaking. Much of Hawksmoor is written in 18th century style with a number of the books published in January: it received all the press coverage and review space available. Instead of covering the few dull novels published this month I shall look back on some of the first-class books I did not have space to cover during the autumn months. Top of many people's list when considering the best novels of 1985 is undoubtedly Peter Ackroyd's *Hawksmoor*. It is a brilliant and prolific author. His last novel, *The Last Testament of Oscar Wilde*, is one of the books that makes reviewing worthwhile, original, surprising, accomplished. His eight published books (two of them volumes of poetry) include his biography of T. S. Eliot which won the 1984 Whitbread prize for biography. *Hawksmoor* has won the 1985 Whitbread prize for fiction. In *Hawksmoor*, Ackroyd displays the skill with language which helped

The second main character is Nicholas Hawksmoor, a 20th-century detective who investigates a series of murders which take place around Dyer's churches. Little by little we see how the past is affecting the present and the present the past in this unerring detective story. The two men are both unstable,

and the dark mood of the novel is in part a reflection of their own states of mind. Dyer is a clever, evil fellow who practises what might biddily be called black magic although there is nothing of the cruelties of Dennis Wheatley disguising this most subtly displayed plot. The correspondences between his life and murders and the events which Hawksmoor investigates become increasingly apparent as the book darkens and darkens until the reader can experience the cold of the churches in Spitalfields, Limehouse and Wapping, and the horror and stench of Bedlam, and the world of tramps and the forlorn, the underbelly of society.

I disliked the casual treatment of the death of children. I am aware that it is Dyer, not Ackroyd, who dispenses these deaths without compassion but, all the same, if I had not been reviewing this the deaths might have prevented me reading on. Perhaps that is a measure of Ackroyd's talent. Usually if I want to stop reading something the reason is

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 **London Match** by Len Deighton
Hutchinson, £8.95
- 2 The concluding volume to a stunning espionage trilogy.
- 3 **Break In** by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £8.95
- 4 Horse racing again provides an exciting background to a master of the game.
- 5 **A Maggot** by John Fowles
Jonathan Cape, £8.95
- 6 It promises at the start to be a masterpiece but by the end is a little less than that.
- 7 **The Good Apprentice** by Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus, £9.95
- 8 The usually brilliant complicated plot with good and evil fighting it out.
- 9 **The Bone People** by Keri Hulme
Hodder & Stoughton, £8.95
- 10 **Brilliant Bookers** prize winner.
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WINE

Vintage port dynasties

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT



Pipes in a Portuguese cellar: the Scottish connexion is important.

Known as the Englishman's wine, port was more of a Scottish creation, many of the best known vintage *marques* still retaining a Scottish family name, for example, Cockburn, Dow, Graham and Sandeman. Alas, there are no more Cockburns in the business, which was founded by Robert in 1814. The last of the Cockburns, Freddie, a great character, sold out to Harvey's in the early 1960s. The firm is now part of the giant Allied/Lyons/Showerings empire, and might yet end up in Australian hands. David and Timothy Sandeman, whose ancestor George started the business in 1790, recently parted with their shares to the giant North American company, Seagrams.

Curiously enough, one prominent port family of Scottish descent—the Symingtons—does not trade under its own name at all. Although there is no overall “holding” company, each firm being independent with its own “lodges”—warehouses where the wines are matured and categorized—in Vila Nova and quintas up the Douro, the family group accounts for approximately 13 per cent of all port sales. It owns, makes and markets three of the major brands, Dow, Graham and Warre (I look upon these as the “premiers crus”, with Cockburn, Croft, Fonseca, Noval and Taylor) and two of what the open market rates as very respectable “deuxièmes crus”, Gould Campbell and Quarles Harris (the others include Delaforce, Ferreira, Offley and Sandeman).

The Symingtons are not exactly Johnny-come-latelys though they cannot claim the same antiquity as Croft's, founded in 1678 with the first Croft, a wine merchant from York, coming on the scene in 1736, or Taylor's whose founding father Job Bearsley started to trade in north Portugal in the mid to late 17th century. The first Symington, Andrew James, was born in Scotland in 1863 and came to Oporto in 1882. He more or less backed into the port trade and was responsible for organizing, on behalf of the Portuguese government, the mammoth auction of Burnay's port in 1894.

A. J. Symington became associated with Warre in 1905 and with Dow in 1912. The Symington and Warre families, through an interchange of shares, were connected with both firms until, in the mid 1960s, the Warre family stepped out. In 1970 the Symington family took over the virtually bankrupt Graham's, a shrewd move but one which required some courage, for the port

business was only just creeping out of one of its many troughs.

Port sounds so solid and stable, yet it has probably suffered more major booms and slumps than any other wine. After the historic Methuen treaty of 1703 which gave Portuguese wines preferential treatment over the French, the next two decades witnessed a port “gold rush” followed by its inevitable by-product, speculation and over-production, and then (always, in hindsight, predictable) a slump. The Napoleonic wars, in particular the Peninsular Campaign, revived interest and sales. There was a series of great vintages starting, appropriately, with “the Waterloo” (1815), the 1834, 47, 51, 63 and a string of pre-phyllloxera vintages. “The great century of port”, as Sarah Bradford describes it in *The Story of Port* (Christie's Wine Publications), ended with the renowned 96, though the last two decades were in fact far from prosperous, as the big Burnay off-loading indicated.

1900, 04, 08 and 12 were all great classic vintages, and then, in the 1920s, a boom period coincided with three excellent vintages: 1920, 24 and 27. Then came the slump. Though there were two great vintages in the 1930s, 1931 and 1935, the first was not “declared” because of the massive stocks of 27s still lying unsold in merchants' cellars. Yet 1931 is renowned for a solitary “Everest” of port, the Quinta do Noval, still monumentally youthful. The 35s, incidentally, are still hovering round their own peak, Taylor's being sheer perfection.

Despite a string of great post-war vintages, 1945, 47 and 48, and the 55, beautiful to drink now, the trade was still in the doldrums. Indeed, when I visited Oporto for the first time in

September, 1953, the mood there was almost of despair. When, some years later, I travelled up the Douro, I noted hillsides of abandoned vines.

Happily, however, things are now on the up and up, and demand and prices have improved. Last June I saw more smiling faces, detected more confidence and, perhaps the most encouraging of all, observed the replanting of vines in prime, difficult-to-work sites in the best regions of the Upper Douro. There is evidence of new investment, and the Symington family are building a large new cellar and bottling complex in Vila Nova de Gaia, the “town within a city”, across the river from Oporto, where the port shippers have their lodges. Senior members of the Symington family are individually responsible for their own major brands which are made and matured quite separately: Michael Symington runs Dow, the driest and perhaps most masculine of their vintage *marques*; Ian, his cousin, runs Warre; and a third cousin, James, runs Graham.

To complete the vintage round-up, the 1960s were good and are drinking well now, the 63s excellent and approaching their peak, and the 66s elegant and pleasing. The 70s are big and firm wines needing more time, and the 75s are developing nicely (the last two vintages are undervalued at auction despite being 15 and 10 years old). The 1977s are great and unready, the 80s good and, I suspect, will in due course be undervalued and overshadowed by the 83s. The latter vintage is the best to buy now for laying down. As for 1984, Michael Symington reported (last October) that “the vintage has been marvellous”, with “very healthy grapes being picked in lovely warm weather”, which bodes well for the future ○

A touch of magic in Mayfair

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

Lane's Restaurant is part of the Inn on the Park in Hamilton Place, virtually on the corner of Piccadilly and Park Lane. Just across the way from the restaurant itself in the hotel there is a pretty cocktail-bar serving excellent drinks, the sort of place where the bill comes very unobtrusively inside what looks rather like an arty Christmas card. The cocktails arrive quickly, cold and strong and are supplemented by an array of enticing non-alcoholic mixtures, of which the Marie-France (grenadine, orange juice, Perrier) found special favour. Among many straight drinks on offer there is a short but well-selected list of whiskies. Feeling free to do so I sampled the Chivas Royal Salute at £8.60 a shot, a truly regal premium Scotch, smooth, satisfactorily heavy on the malt and only slightly impaired by that touch of shampoo in the nose that can afflict classy blends.

The restaurant or dining-room is nearly as nice-looking as the one at the Ritz, but for a lowish ceiling with a gilt palisade attached horizontally to it, giving something of a cabin-class feel, or even that of a disaster-movie set. The tables are perhaps a little close together, though not so much so as to affect conversation, and the chairs—vital point—comfortable and straight-backed. We found the atmosphere jolly, relaxed, that of a popular and successful establishment, with a pianist, properly low in volume and out of view, playing part of Mozart's C major concerto (aka *Elvira Madigan*) and "Stardust" for those who like that kind of thing; I rather do, myself.

The service we experienced was outstanding; fast, friendly, almost over-populated considering the spacing of the tables. A mere mention between ourselves of a shortage of lemon brought a whole one on a small plate with a serrated knife in half a minute. This sort of thing is not just gratifying in itself, any more than the finger-bowls and the ice on the butter are just swank: they have the function of showing trouble being taken, of visibly providing more than the minimum, especially important when the place is full, the service is up-tempo and, as here, you go up and serve yourself with the hors-d'oeuvres. The extra touches are partly to demonstrate that you have not strayed into a cafeteria operation. (Not that that need be the worst of fates, I have sometimes muttered in more august eateries, as who has not?)

Lane's makes a great thing of its low-priced set meals. At dinner you pay £14 to £17 for the first two courses, at lunch-time £16.25 to £19 for all three. This includes service, VAT and wine. The lunch we had began with soup or hors-d'oeuvres. There is always a case for soup in this situation even if you quite enjoy strolling round a busy restaurant with a loaded plate in your hand, and the herring fillet, smoked salmon and tongue in this one were a little tired, though the Mediterranean prawn was springy and tasty, unfrozen by an expert.

The main-course choices included roast beef, veal escalope, sole véronique, filet mignon. Without being masterpieces, what we were given reached a standard that may once, in some golden age, have been a standard minimum but is now hardly even expected. The veal had ample flavour and was moist and tender. I had asked for a rare cut of roast beef and, lo and behold, rare it was,



excellent in parts, lavish enough in quantity for the non-excellent ones to be forgotten without rancour. With it was an individual Yorkshire pudding done about as well as such a thing can be—but please, to form part of a set dish could not some proper-sized ones have been made? The vegetables were properly cooked (another rarity) and interesting, especially the broccoli with peanuts, and if they had started life as KP peanuts I was in no mood to object.

The third courses stood up well: rather bland on the cheese side but good serious puddings in decent portions, like French apple pie and blueberry meringue pie. My helping of the latter was a near-quadrant of something about half a metre in diameter. Coffee not excellent but very fair, as they used to say when marking essays.

The wines were served with impeccable promptitude, unsolicited, in fact. The white Bordeaux of 1984 proved quite tolerable, though becoming tart as the chill wore off. The Côtes du Rhône NV we thoroughly enjoyed, a well-bought bottle well stored. Our excursion into the wine list at dinner (a red Graves) turned out encouragingly.

Dinner rather came second to lunch-time as an occasion. I probably just do not like subdued lighting and a fat little candle in a beaker on the

table. The customers were different, too. The presence of Americans is in many contexts a favourable augury, but in a restaurant, especially one in this country, it sets off a variety of warning signals. However, if any of those we saw were in search of either "authentic" Englishry or Frenchified flannel then they had come to the wrong address. The groups of British businessmen to be seen at lunch were to me a far more welcome indication, and I should guess that it is in that sort of direction that the enterprise is aimed, rather than at any section of the tourist or fashionable market.

That is as may be. What is incontestable is that the provision of an attractive meal in a modern Mayfair hotel at £20 or so a head inclusive, with no obvious corners cut and some pleasant touches thrown in, is quite astonishing. Somebody has not only thought the whole thing out with great care but has taken steps to make sure that it reaches the consumer intact. Whoever is responsible has earned my admiring congratulations and the fear and hatred of every purveyor of overpriced, take-it-or-leave-it muck between Uxbridge and Barking Creek.

Lane's Restaurant, Inn on the Park Hotel, Hamilton Pl, W1 (499 0888). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6pm-midnight, Sun noon-3pm, 6.30-11pm.

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61 Blandford St, W1 (935 8311). Thoroughly Japanese with few concessions to the Western elements of its clientele. A nine-stool *sushi* bar on the ground floor is the place to watch the chefs prepare the elaborate rice and seaweed canapés and slice the mixed raw fish *sashimi*. At neighbouring tables the day's special appetizers are written in Japanese and the waiters have insufficient English for accurate translations, thus adding an element of surprise (or shock).

A full meal is best eaten upstairs among the slatted wooden screens and Japanese prints. *Yosenabe* at £12.50 in-

cluded prawns, oysters, salmon, sea bass and oriental vegetables, and was brought to the table to be cooked into a soup on an electric ring; it is a good dish to share. Ethnic consistency is maintained with Suntory beer and a choice of *saké*. From about £40 for two people. Mon-Sat noon-2.30pm, 6-11pm.

I Ching

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An upmarket Chinese sister restaurant for Lawrence Leung's Zen in Sloane Avenue; smart and pretty after a face-lift last summer, with pink and blue linen, cane and rattan chairs, fresh flowers, Venetian blinds and ceiling spotlights. The provincial Guangzhou and Beijing dishes are cooked, the

menu informs diners, with vegetable oils only and service is by Chinese waiters dressed in black ties and white shirt sleeves under the control of Kitty Yau, resplendent in stylish dinner jacket and bow-tie.

Highlights include steamed fresh scallops in black bean sauce, deep-fried "yin-yang" squid, duck's kidney with melon seeds and stuffed straw mushrooms with mashed prawn. Also, some unusual lobster, crab, venison and rabbit dishes. Crispy whole sucking pig can be ordered in advance. A choice of *saké* and a full wine list. From about £40 for two. Private room available for parties.

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HOTELS

A grand stay in Scotland

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Harrods, Glyndebourne, Rolls-Royce... certain names carry an aura of effortless superiority. Inverloch Castle, a grand baronial hotel in the West Highlands, belongs to this enviable closed order of excellence. Its name is not a household word—the hotel would never dream of advertising—but among hotel *cognoscenti* it has become an essential port of call in any 20th-century Grand Tour.

The looming presence of Scotland's highest mountain, Ben Nevis, provides a suitably awe-inspiring backdrop to the east, while Loch Linnhe stretches away to the west. The house itself is surrounded by 50 immaculately tended acres, rich in rhododendrons. "I never saw a lovelier or more romantic spot," was Queen Victoria's comment when she stayed here in 1873 as the guest of Lord Abinger. Visitors have been echoing her compliments ever since, at least if they are fortunate with the weather; the country can look very bleak otherwise.

The castle was built by Lord Abinger in 1863 and subsequently passed to the Hobbs family. When the Danish-born Grete Hobbs's father-in-law died in 1963 it was found impossible to maintain the castle as a private residence so it was turned into a hotel. Grete Hobbs has been running it ever since and in the last 18 years it has become the exemplar of the "grandest of grand" category.

One consequence of the hotel's great reputation is that it tends to become booked up months ahead, a considerable embarrassment to Grete Hobbs. Year-ahead bookers are now required to stay at least two or three days, a deterrent to those who simply want to boast that they have touched base here. Even so, the difficulty of securing a room reminds one of K's problems in *The Castle* by Kafka. Two years ago, planning a tour of the Highlands six weeks in advance of my trip, I knocked in vain on Inverloch's doors. I was wait-listed, but was warned that people rarely cancel; no one did. This year I was lucky.

Visiting a fabled place is always a worry. Expectations of perfection are hard to satisfy, but I am happy to report that Inverloch succeeded. You may not have a taste for the Scottish baronial—I am not sure that I do myself. I would not choose to have stuffed elks' heads and antlers in my own drawing-room, and have no need for an ornate Italianate Great Hall to receive my guests. I can manage perfectly well, too, without the help of black-coated flunkies to carry my luggage and perform other

civil services. But I can bear with and enjoy these bonuses for a short stay, and luxuriated in the outsized bathroom and its extravagant soaps.

I found only minor blemishes in Inverloch's performance. A sash cord was broken in our bedroom window which might have headed me if I hadn't spotted it in time. I also felt that the two or three books provided by our bedside were a poor lot, and that the hotel, otherwise so magnificently appointed, lacked a decent library.

But the triumphs of Inverloch far outweigh its few occasional weaknesses. In saying this, I am not thinking of the consistently high standards of the service, nor the quality of chef François Huguet's cooking, nor the total absence of servility and/or condescension which mar one's pleasure in many five-star hotels. The real success of the enterprise lies in the fact that Grete Hobbs, her admirable manager John Leonard, and all the staff so clearly enjoy their vocation, appreciate their guests and contrive to make them feel genuinely cherished and welcome. It may be the most expensive country-house hotel in Britain, but it does give those who want a brief illusion of living like a lord something for their money. Many other hotels aspire to make you feel you are a guest at a great country house—four other Scottish hotels with a touch of the Inverlochys are listed briefly below—but I do not know anywhere that carries off the whole idea with more panache and enthusiasm than this one.

Inverloch Castle, Fort William, Highland (0397 2177). Dinner, bed and breakfast £89 per person.

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Cromlix House, Dunblane, Stirling, Central (0786 822125). Massive rambling mansion with seven vast suites and private chapel. Bed and breakfast £43-£150; dinner from £23.

The above tariffs are per person and include VAT except where otherwise stated. Service is either included or optional. Most of the hotels offer reduced rates for long stays.

CHESS

Demolition by Tal

BY JOHN NUNN

Last October, 16 of the world's best players assembled in Montpellier, France, for the Candidates' stage of the world championship cycle. This was one of a lengthy series of elimination contests leading up to a world championship match at the end of 1986. Four qualifying places to the next stage and £31,000 prize money were at stake in the three-week battle. I described in the October *ILN* how Nigel Short became the first British player to reach this stage in the world championship cycle. As the youngest and least experienced of the 16 he had only an outside chance of making the top four, but a creditable score of 7 out of 15 established him among the elite group of leading grandmasters. With the experience gained from events such as this he should be a far more dangerous opponent in the next cycle two years hence.

The Soviet players could be well satisfied with their results; all seven made at least 50 per cent and they occupied the top three places. The fourth qualifying place ended in a tie between Tal and Timman, which will be resolved by a play-off match taking place sometime in the next two months.

Final scores: Yusupov, Vaganian and Sokolov (all USSR) 9 (from 15), Timman (Netherlands) and Tal (USSR) 8½, Spassky (France) and Belyavsky (USSR) 8, Smyslov and Chernin (both USSR) 7½, Seirawan (USA), Short (GB) and Portisch (Hungary) 7, Ribli (Hungary) and Korchnoi (Switzerland) 6½, Noguciras (Cuba) 6 and Spraggett (Canada) 5.

Although I included a Tal game last month, I have no hesitation in giving his demolition of Viktor Korchnoi from Montpellier, which featured the most unusual combination of the tournament.

M. Tal	V. Korchnoi
White	Black
Sicilian Defence	
1 P-K4	P-QB4
2 N-KB3	P-Q3
3 P-Q4	PxP
4 NxP	N-KB3
5 N-QB3	N-B3
6 B-KN5	P-K3
7 Q-Q2	B-K2
8 0-0-0	0-0
9 N-N3	P-QR4
10 P-QR4	P-Q4

This interesting pawn sacrifice was played in the 37th game of the first Karpov-Kasparov match. Karpov continued 11 PxP (11 BxN BxB 12 PxP N-N5 threatens 13... BxN) NxP 12 BxB QNxP 13 N-N5 (13 B-B4 is probably better) B-Q2 and the game ended in a quick draw.

11 B-N5!

Tal introduced this move in his game against Sisniega at last June's Interzonal in Mexico. Tal won that game, but Korchnoi felt Black's play could be improved.

11 ... PxP

Sisniega played 11... NxP 12 NxN PxN 13 QxQ BxQ 14 BxB NxB 15 N-B5 P-B4 and lost quickly, although at this stage White has only a small advantage.

12 QxQ BxQ

13 KR-K1

When writing about his game with Sisniega, Tal commented that 13 BxN BxB 14 NxKP was best, but there is no law against changing your mind.

13 ... N-R2

14 B-QB4 P-R3

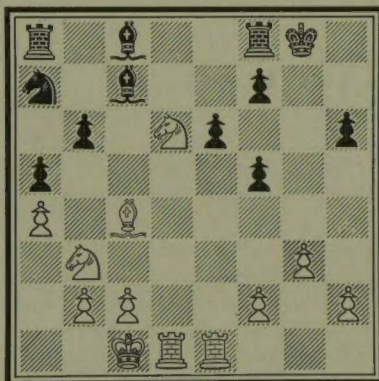
15 BxN PxP

16 NxKP P-B4

17 N-Q6 B-B2

18 P-N3 P-N3?

This gives Tal the opportunity he has been waiting for. 18... R-Q1 was better, restricting White to a minimal advantage.



19 NxP(B5)!

A remarkable move, not because the combination is especially complex, but because most players would not have considered a sacrifice in such an apparently innocuous position.

19 ... PxN

20 B-Q5 B-K3

20... R-N1 21 R-K7 wins one of the pieces on the seventh rank.

21 BxR RxR

21... BxN 22 PxR RxR 23 R-Q7 R-QB1 24 K-N1 B-N1 (or else 25 R-QB1 wins a piece) 25 P-B4! leaves Black completely tied up.

22 N-Q4

Although material is roughly equal, the activity of White's rooks will cost Black at least a pawn.

22 ... B-Q4

23 R-K7 R-QB1

24 N-N5! Resigns

After 24... NxN 25 RxR N-Q3 26 RxR RxR 27 RxN White has an easily won rook and pawn ending ○

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BRIDGE

Bidding mistakes

BY JACK MARX

When in a team-of-four match the scores at each table are identical, more often than not the contracts will also have been the same. This is what one of the East-West pairs taking part in a multiple team event reasonably assumed about these hands when they came together with their team-mates to compare scores at the end of a group of boards. As the match had been running behind schedule, they had no time to do more than that, and it was only much later, when the chance arose to discuss the results in detail, that the occurrences at the two tables were revealed as having taken very different courses.

♠ 10 Dealer South
♥ KJ 10 7 East-West
♦ J 10 8 6 4 Game
♣ A Q 6

♠ 9 7 6 ♠ 3 2
♥ Q 5 4 ♥ A 9 8 6 3 2
♦ K Q 7 ♦ 5 3
♣ J 8 4 3 ♣ K 10 2

♠ AKQJ854
♥ void
♦ A 9 2
♣ 9 7 5

Starting with an Acol Two bid, one North-South pair bid quite capably to a major-suit game:

North 3♦ 3NT 4♠
South 2♠ 3♠ 4♦ No

South rightly emphasized where his real weight lay by rebidding spades before raising diamonds, and North sensibly declined to accept his ragged diamonds as trumps after no more than deferred support.

Defending against Four Spades, West stepped off on the right foot with a small club lead, ducked in dummy and won by East's Ten. Whether or not South ducked the diamond return, he could not now avoid the loss of two clubs and two diamonds. As no other lead could beat the contract, East-West thought their plus score of 50 points was unlikely to be bettered. In this they were right, but the gain they had half hoped for had not come about. When told that the lead against their North-South pair had been Diamond King, they were mystified at the score of minus 50. Surely 12 tricks were now there for the taking. South admitted having taken them, but his contract was Seven Spades!

East-West tactfully did not press for full details of the bidding, but it transpired that South had unwisely given direct support to diamonds. All the side-suit controls were now diligently ascertained by cue-bids, but the gaping hole in the temporarily agreed suit was somehow overlooked.

♠ 7 4 Dealer South
♥ A 10 7 6 5 Game All
♦ A 3
♣ 10 9 8 7

♠ KQ 10 8 6 ♠ J 9 5
♥ QJ 8 4 ♥ K 9 3 2
♦ 9 5 4 ♦ J 6 2
♣ 2 ♣ J 5 4

♠ A 3 2
♥ void
♦ KQ 10 8 7
♣ AKQ 6 3

Both North-Souths had registered 2,140 as a reward for a minor-suit grand slam, but it was not until some days later that one of them confessed to his team-mates that their contract had not been Seven Clubs but Seven Diamonds! Some mistaken interpretations had bedevilled the sequence.

In the play at Seven Diamonds, South kept his head. Winning the spade lead, he cashed the minor suits at speed without disturbing dummy's Ace of Hearts. Although by trick 10 it should have been clear to West that a declarer with Heart King must have 13 tricks, he clung to three hearts and threw all his spades. East was also intent on guarding hearts, so South's two small spades won the last two tricks.

The third hand was less sensational, both North-Souths scoring 600. One pair bullocked into Three No-trumps with no proper club guard, but East-West could not run it, and declarer took just nine tricks.

♠ 10 7 5 2 Dealer North
♥ Q 3 Game All
♦ K Q 9
♣ 9 6 4 3

♠ KJ 8 6 ♠ Q 4
♥ J 9 6 2 ♥ 10 8 5
♦ 4 3 ♦ 7 6 2
♣ KQ 10 ♣ A 8 7 5 2

♠ A 9 3
♥ AK 7 4
♦ AJ 10 8 5
♣ J

The other North-South gravitated rather ponderously into Five Diamonds, perhaps aware they might well be one too high. However, South combined reverse dummy with squeeze play for eleven tricks.

When West began with two rounds of clubs, South could view only 10 tricks, including a heart ruff in dummy. He decided to duck a round of spades that East won with Queen. A trump return to dummy, another club ruffed in hand, Spade Ace cashed, a heart to Queen and dummy's last club ruffed with Ace, a trump to the King.

When dummy's Queen drew East's last trump, South let go his spade and West found himself squeezed in the majors ○



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